

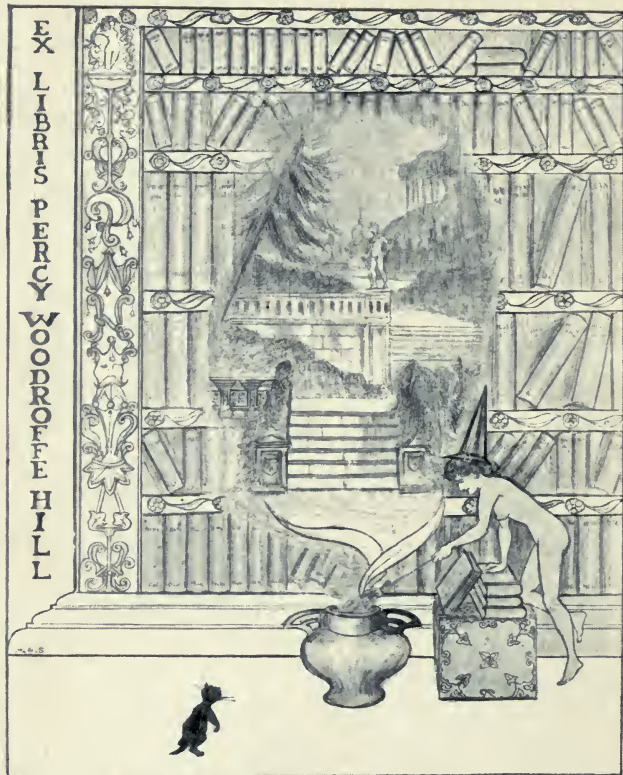
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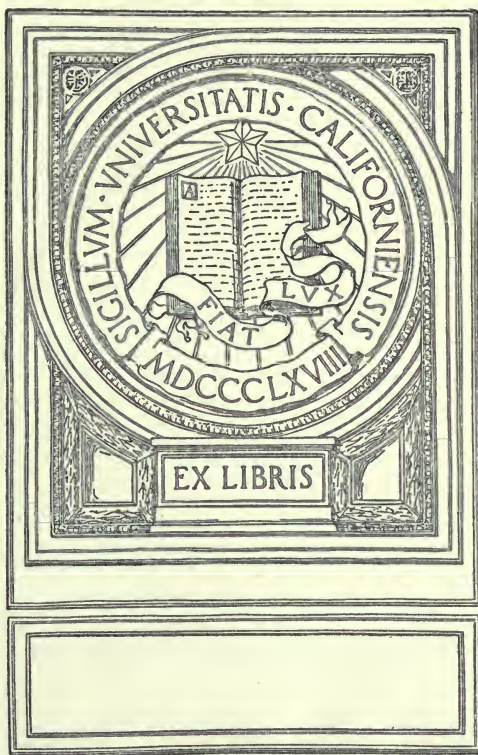


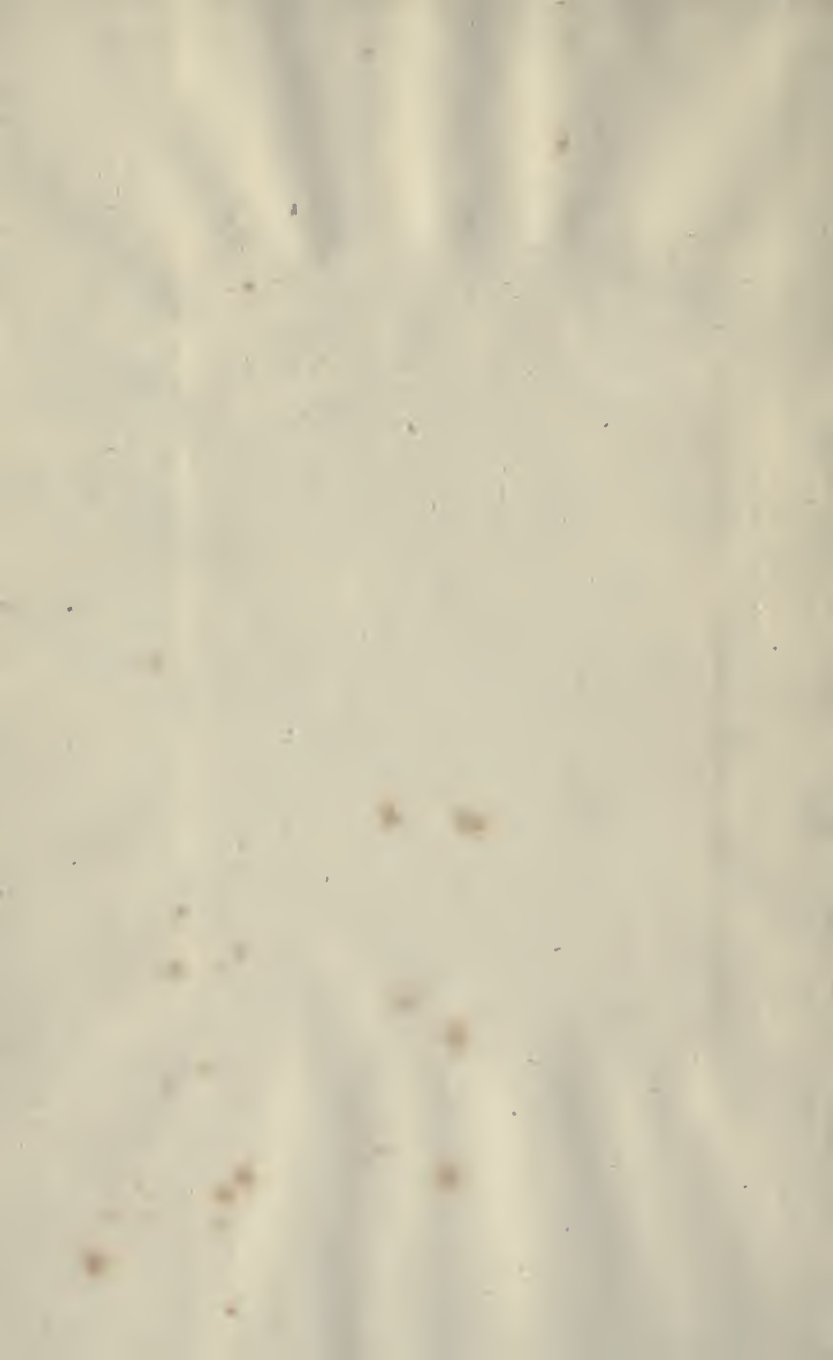
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THE
SONGS OF IND.

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The

GEORGE AUGUSTINE STACK, Esq.

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WYMAN & CO., PUBLISHERS, CALCUTTA.

1872.

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CALCUTTA:

CALCUTTA CENTRAL PRESS COMPANY, LIMITED,
5, COUNCIL HOUSE STREET.

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
COUNCIL OF THE
INDIAN NATION

TO

M. KEMPSON, ESQ., M.A.

DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTITUTION, N. W. P.

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A MEMORIAL OF ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE short series of Indian Poems which compose the first part of this little Volume, are reprinted from the Allahabad "Pioneer," with the exception of one, "The Prizes and Dispossessed Zemindar," which appeared in the "Delhi Gazette."

The stereotyped "request of friends" is wanting as an excuse for their publication ; but I can say with truth, that I was only induced to think of publishing them in this form, from the great number of applications which I received from total strangers in all parts of India for copies of the Verses either in print or MS.

The other Poems in the collection are selections from the best of a considerable number which appeared at intervals in various Indian and English publications, and were favorably received at the time.

G. A. STACK.

BAREILLY,

November, 1872.

1851

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Songs of Ind.

LAMENT OF JAFFIR MAHOMED, PEDLAR.

LAHORE—1842.

WELL, Allah is good to his children, who leaves them—
whate'er may flee—

The faith in the Mussulman's heart in the days that
are to be

In the years of bondage ended, and that delivering sword
Which shall go before His people in the right hand of the Lord ;
Which shall give them the shrines of their worship for the one
true Mussulman God,

And the hill, and the plain, and the valley, our great forefathers
trod ;

Which shall go, with the word of the Prophet and the standard
of Islam war,

From the cedar groves of Colombo to the mountains of Candahar,
Till the Crescent is ever uplifted and the Cross for ever thrown
down,

And the word of the Prophet pealing over every kneeling town !
Is it well that my thoughts should wander—a poor old man, and
a lean—

To the ancient glories of Islam, and what our fathers have been ?

Is it well that these rags should cover—the badge of a slave's
disgrace—

The burning heart of a Moslem for the wrongs of his ancient
race ?

Ah ! well I must learn the lesson which conquest has taught
me too,

To cringe to the haughty Feringhee and flatter the sleek
Hindoo !

'Tis not that we're ruled by the strong men who conquered our
fathers in fight,

For the swords of the Faithful were few when the Infidel
gathered in might,

And the chiefs we had chosen betrayed us,—they were bribed
by our foemen to yield :

Ah ! better, a thousand times better, had we died where we
stood on the field !

Just Allah ! who spake by the Prophet, and surely Thy ways
are wise,

To make us the slaves of the slave we came to rule and
despise ;

For lo ! when the struggle was over, and the Sahebs ruled us
again,

The sword was hung up in its scabbard, and the ruler of men
was—the pen !

The sword may have ruled as a robber, but the pen came in
as a thief—

The pen that could swindle the ryot, and wheedle the noble
and chief ;

The pen that could darken the glory for which our fathers had
fought ;
The pen that could flatter and threaten, the pen that could
buy and be bought.
And then from that hour, when the pen did the work which
no sword could undo,
Came the reign of the wily mahajun and the power of the
sleek Hindoo.
They could copy the Sahebs' despatches, they could add up the
Sahebs' gains,
And their nimble Brahminee fingers did the work of Feringhee
brains.
'Tis the day of their *burra tumasha*,—the drums are rolling afar ;
They come from the hills of Cabul with the spoils of Affghan war,
Where first the Feringhee was baffled by the strength of the
strong hill town,
Till the trumpet that blew from within threw the walls of the
fortress down !*
Their swords have drunk of the slaughter which the sack of
Ghuznee hath shed,
And their soldiers are rich with the plunder which they tore
from the Mussulman dead.
Yet 'tis better to see them in triumph, when they come with
the sword and the gun,
Than to hear them plaster with lies the wrong and the crime
they have done.

* This is in allusion to the trumpeter (Wilson) who managed, during the assault, to reach unscathed an elevation in the very heart of the fort, from whence, to the utter consternation of the defenders, he blew his trumpet sounding "the advance" to his countrymen.

Comes the smooth-faced Padree Feringhee, and he tells me—so
gracious and wise !—

That Christ is a Father of Mercy, and Allah the Father of Lies ;
That the Cross on which Jesus suffered is an emblem of peace
and good,

But the hands that raised it o'er Islam were wet with Mussul-
man blood ;

That the God of the Christians is faithful to the message of
peace in His Word,

But the message of peace you delivered was brought on the
point of the sword.

I will back the long road I have taken, to linger my days and to
dream

In the little Mussulman village on the banks of my native stream,
And there, as I pray in the twilight to the sun that sinks down
by the hill,

I will dream the dream of that hope which is left to the Mussul-
man still ;

As I sit by the Father of Waters as he rolls on his way to the sea,
I will bend o'er his rolling murmur and hear what it whispers to me.

“Tell me, O Father Ganges, who hast rolled through these
years of disgrace,

“Shall I live to behold the triumph which is promised to Maho-
met's race ?

“In vain to your rolling waters, as they wind to their home in the
sea,

“The Hindoo offers his worship—for thy waves were meant for
the free.

“Shall these eyes that are dim with watching, and this heart which is growing cold,

“Be glad in the days of *His* coming whom the Prophet himself hath foretold ?”

And I think I hear him murmur, as he rolls on his way to the sea—

“The day and the hour are approaching, and what you shall see you shall see.

“You look for the harvest of summer when the fields are already white,

“And you look for the dawn in the East in the darkest hour of the night,

“And you see not the day of His triumph who spake by the Prophet and said :

“‘The Chief I have chosen to lead you, behold where he rides at your head !’

“A murmur goes forth from the nations, who are crying, ‘He comes ! he comes !

“‘Midst the roar of a thousand cannon, to the roll of a thousand drums ;

“‘Midst the spears of a people delivered, and the banners of the free,

“‘And a host that is spread over living and dead to the meeting of earth and sea !

“‘Round his brow is the light of that glory which never shall taste of death ;

“‘Before him the banner of Islam—in his right hand the sword of the Faith !’

- “Sweeps onward the mighty procession to the foot of the jasper throne.
- “In the hymns that are swelling around him, Omar and Ali are one;
- “The crimson and green are blended—the emblems of Mussulman past—
- “The blood that was shed for His people, the hope that lived on to the last!
- “And behold where the Houris are clustered, and behold how their white arms wave;
- “They wait at the gates of the Blessed to welcome the souls of the Brave.
- “For Allah is just, who hath broken the might of the Faithless in two,
- “And humbled the haughty Feringhee, and trampled the vile Hindoo.”

THE SIKH SOUBADAR.

I.

IN a village not far from the borders,
Just after the close of the war,
There lived on the pension we gave him,
Old Syud, the Sikh Soubadar ;
On his thighs, as he sits in the sunshine,
His war-worn weapon is laid,
And his tongue would run over his battles
As the leather ran over the blade.

II.

And, says he : “ You may talk of your Sepoys,
(*Budzaut*, will you never be bright ?)
But the days are gone by when the soldier
Was the man who was born to fight ;
When, whether in war or in quiet,
There was little to choose in his lot,
And a *hookem* to plunder the ryot
Was all the *tullub* he got.

III.

“ Now a soldier is more like an ayah—
 He dresses his lines and his hair,
He lives in a house like a harem,
 And feeds on the daintiest fare ;
And the *loot* comes away from his fingers,
 For he trembles to think of his hire,
As his hand might come back from a kettle
 That has lain too long on the fire.

IV.

“ And I was a child in this village
 (There’s a notch from a Britisher’s gun)
When Runjeet was Chief of the Punjab
 And the Sikhs were the lords of their own ;
When he stamped his proud foot, and his children
 Came round him with sabre and spear,
And rushed with a shout to the battle
 For the love of the old Ameer ;

V.

“ When he went through the land with the Chiefs he loved,
 And a forest of circling steel—
A thousand firelocks before him,
 A thousand spears at his heel—
And a splendour of burnished metal
 ’Mid the blaze of his shining guns,
And a river of streaming pennons,
 And the roll of a hundred drums.

VI.

“ When the Lord Saheb came from Calcutta,
They met as two brothers should meet,
For Runjeet would never disparage
The foeman who flattered Runjeet.
When they wanted to color the Empire
For himself and the English, he said :
‘ What’s the use,—I shall die in the summer,
And then you may color it *red*.’

VII.

“ He died, and, my sons, though I say it,
Can the sword be the king of the head ?
He died—and, with Runjeet the soldier,
The soul of the Punjab was dead.
We had soldiers to fight and plunder,
We had leaders to wrangle and brawl,
But the curse of disunion and discord
Was cast like a plague on us all.

VIII.

“ And then, by the dastard Convention
That was wrung from our craven fear,
We found out—a mighty invention !—
That the plough was as good as the spear ;
And the soldier went back to his village
To waste, in the prime of his life,
The limbs that were trained for the battle
And the spirit that thirsted for strife.

IX.

“And the sword of the Punjab was sleeping
As still as that Chieftain’s breath,
That could call it for Liberty, leaping
Like a flash from its ringing sheath,
Till the rust that corroded our steel
Was not the whole but a part
Of the sluggard spirit that ate its way
To the core of the soldier’s heart.

X.

“And ever the British grew louder
In the claims and exactions they made,
And ever their vauntings grew prouder,
And ever our Chiefs were dismayed ;
And ever, to where on the river
They lay on the other side,
The wave of their red-coated legions
Came rolling on like a tide,

XI.

“Till the day had arrived, and the signal
Was the boom of a single gun,
That told us the British were marching,
And the terrible war begun.
We had crossed the broad stream to deliver
The desperate onset we made,
When the blood that streamed down with the river
Was as red as the blood on a blade.

XII.

“ My father that day was beside me ;
He pointed his sword to the foe,
And, says he, ‘ Boy, whate’er may betide me,
Your mother she never must know :
She is old for the grief of such sorrow,
If death should now cut us in twain ;
To-day let her live, and to-morrow
I’ll meet her, I’ll meet her again.’ ”

XIII.

She had crept to the verge of the battle,
To where, by one deep narrow lane,
Our shattered battalions were pouring
From the slaughter that raged on the plain.
Poor mother ! she asked for her husband,
But never an answer they made—
He was lying all cold by the river
With an English ball in his head.

XIV.

“ And once, while the bright stars were pouring
Their peaceful light on the plain,
The tempest of battle was roaring
Through the woods that were cumbered with slain :
And the moon, floating on in her splendour,
Looked down on the battle—we said—
With a pitying glance, and a tender,
O’er that silvery field of the dead.

XV.

“ At Moodkee, Sobraon, Goojerat,
 ’Twas always and always the same ;
Defeat, but it was not dishonour,
 Disaster—that never was shame.
In the fair field of fight we were conquered ;
 And the sword that they struck from our hand
Was raised by a patriot people
 In defence of their native land.

XVI.

“ We warred not with women or children,
 We stained not our cause with the blow
Or the blood that was shed by assassins
 Who fled from the face of the foe.
When we yielded, I wept like a woman,
 For our Chiefs had abandoned the war.
‘And keep thy good sword,’ said the foeman,
 ‘Old Syud, the Sikh Soubadar.’”

THE PRIZES, AND THE DISPOSSESSED ZEMINDAR.

“**T**HE Lord Saheb is kind to the children who love the
Feringhee rule ;
My grandsons have brought me three *burra kitabs*
which they won as their prizes at school,
And the least would weigh a *chetak*—they are gold without and
within,
With twisted things like little snakes on the edge of the leather
skin ;
And there’s writing in them too—Feringhee letters—that stand
As upright and stiff as their soldiers stood when we crouched to
give them the land.
When we—not I, not they (your fathers who met them in fight),
But you who can read these witchcraft signs which these Lord
Feringhees write ;
You who can dance in the fetters your fathers never would wear ;
You who are glad with a joy which mocks the freeman’s noble
despair ;
You—just Allah, protect us from the wrath of his outraged God !—
You who are taught to kiss the hand which holds a Feringhee rod ;

You who can go to their colleges, *you* who can fill their schools,
You who were slaves before, and now you are slaves and fools ;
You who can bring me *kitabs* with words and pictures like these,
Which tell of the Empire *their* fathers won away on the stormy seas :
Not pouring o'er mouldy *kitabs*, not herded in crowded halls,
With the sheathless blade for the lesson they read and the
world for their walls,

With hearts for every danger, with sinews for every toil,
And their home in the foeman's country, and their wealth in
the foeman's spoil.

I had a son—one only—one that took after his sire ;
The others were all their mother's, but he was a soul of fire :
He would bend from the bow of his rushing steed, when the
chiefs were circled round,

And carry the peg on his sweeping spear over the reeling ground.
When his brother held the ram, he lifted his sword on high,
And it fell as the lightning falls, too swift for the dazzled eye ;
Down through the gristle and bone it cleft the tough neck
through and through,

As a scythe might sweep through the yielding grass that is laid
with the morning dew.

But the evil days were gathered : he was scarce the age of man
When the wild Mahratta chief broke forth, and the long, long
raid began.

Ah God ! how the cravens trembled—ah God ! how our hearts
beat high,

When Chetoo rushed out with the slayer's shout and the sword
that would conquer or die,

To chase the greasy mahajun from the *kothee's* bolted door,
Which they filled at ease with the last rupees which they wrung
from the starving poor ;
To burn their books and their ledgers, their hoondies, their
drafts, and their bills,
And teach them to write with a yard of steel that was longer
than one of their quills.
And my son he lifted his head to the sound of battle afar,
And grasped his spear for the old Ameer in the wild Mahratta war,
And bore it through many a day of doubtful and desperate fight
Till its shining head was dim with the stains that purpled its
glancing light.
But alas ! for the days of our fathers, when the fierce Feringhee
came [flame,
In a cloud of crimson war on the land and a tempest of steel and
And after one day of battle, that closed in defeat and despair,
Old Chetoo went back to the jungle and crouched with the fox
in his lair ;
His band was dispersed on the field, his chiefs were all slain or
gone,
And of all the men who were with him then there was none
who remained but my son.
And the end was drawing nigh—the chief he was wounded and ill ;
He had nothing to eat in that wild retreat, and the days went
heavily still.
So my son came out of the jungle—he passed through the foe
in disguise—
And came to a Brahminee village to forage for supplies ;

He came to his brother, the bunya, where he sat among his jars,
And dozed his greasy life away 'midst all the clash of the wars.
And the other trembled to see him, and wrung his hands with fear,
And said: 'My throat is not worth a pie if the Sahebs saw you here.
'Do you come to plunder or slay me?' 'Neither to slay nor
to steal,

'But my chief is dying of want in the wilds, and I want some
gram for a meal.'

And the bunya he hummed and hawed, as he counted and
conned at his ease

The crooked things in the mouldy books which they turn
to ryots' rupees,

And said: 'Come back in the evening, when the night is in the sky,
'For well I know, did they see you now, that one or both
must die.'

And my son he came as he told him; but as he was crossing
the boards,

The place was bright with a sudden light and the blaze of
twenty swords.

Yet they hoped to take him alive; for this was the traitor's snare,
To wring from his fear where the old Ameer was crouched with
the fox in his lair.

But he fought for death—not life; and never in bloodiest fight
Did that stalwart hand cleave to the brand as he clave to his
sword that night.

He fell, and never a tear I wept, for the rage of that grief was dry;
He fell, and I smiled as a father should smile, for he died as my
son should die.

His heart to his chieftain turned, his face to the foeman's frown,
And his stiffening hand on the trusty brand that was lifted to
strike them down.

But he who betrayed him—his brother (his mother's son, not
mine)—

He never throve in the snare he wove, and the curse is on all
his line;

The taint of a slave and coward is mixed with his traitor's blood,
And the trail of his crime has crept like a slime over all of his
reptile brood.

But why should I rave o'er his festering grave, for is he not
dead and gone?

And I live from your hand on this good broad land—this land
that was all my own?

And you are excellent children, and excellent books are these;

You go to school in a *biley*, packed like a lot of geese;

You close your hand if the Saheb speaks—you cringe if the
Saheb frowns—

And you swab your greasy Hindoo limbs in an ayah's trailing
gown.

You learn to read and to cipher, to write and to wrangle, and then
You are scribes and scholars and duftries; but will you ever be
men?

Will you ever be men as he was who played the patriot part,
Though his body is there, where the fowls of the air have preyed
on that noble heart?

[son—

The sword should rust by the warrior's dust; but he—his father's
His fame shall be in the memory of the deed that he has done.

THE SECRET PUNCHAYET.*

“**Y**OU have said it, my brothers,—it must be so—Brama is wise and good.

The sin she has thought, the shame she has wrought,
must be cleansed in her flowing blood ;

And the flesh she has tainted with sin, be laid on the funeral pyre
Till it shrivel to dust 'neath the scorching glance of the God
of vengeance and fire.

I shall mix it myself—the fatal cup—she shall drink of it from
this hand,

And by her bed, with the surer blade, I shall take my lonely
stand ;

And if the goblet should fail, with an unshrouded eye

I shall plunge the knife to the earth of my wife, and smile to
see her die.”

.
Light was her step o'er the threshold—the sound of the soft
sitar

Was not more sweet than the trip of her feet when the music
is heard afar ;

* A *punchayet* is a council of five. It is frequently held in native families to adjust some domestic or caste difference. Where a member of the family has done anything to disgrace it, it has, in ancient times, often decreed death as a punishment.

Dark were her flowing tresses, as the raven of moonless skies ;
And the stars of night were not more bright than the light
which flashed from her eyes.

But now that tread is a sound of dread, for it comes with the
echoing fear

Of another sound, which the shuddering ground has hushed and
will not hear ; -

And those raven tresses are steeped—steeped in the crimson
stain

Of the blood that was shed from a heart of guilt where their
wanton waves have lain ;

And the homes he hath brightened is dark, and the hope of a life
is dead,

And the heart is broken that lived on the faith of one false
Indian maid.

The priests were reading the tokens that were writ in the
clustering stars :

“She cometh out of the West, and after the close of the
wars.

“By the well of the village she stands, where the waters are
kissing the brink,

“As the warrior reins his steed and stoops from the saddle to
drink.”

And so it fell out in the years that came, as the sun was sink-
ing low,

I had wandered far from a field of the slain in the track of a
flying foe,

And the twilight had melted away, and the stars had come out
on high,

As I reined my steed by the village well and the village maid
drew nigh ;

And still my heart kept beating to the whisper that filled my
breast—

“ By the well of the village she stands, and she cometh out of the
West.”

She came, as the evening comes when she crosseth some darken-
ing height,

And her glimmering robe is sown with the stars which she brings
for the sable night.

In the light of her beauty she came, and the glance of her eyes’
soft beam

Hath sunk in my soul, as a star might sink in the depths of some
lonely stream—

That constant star which shines so bright through the stillness
of its rest,

And is fixed, when the tempest hath dimmed its light, in the
depths of its wavering breast. [strife.

And so, in the days that followed through years of sorrow and
My heart was true to that young love, which shone as the light
of my life.

The Gods I have worshipped are broken—’midst the wrecks of my
hopes they are laid ;

The chieftain whose house I have followed, and the wife whom his
falsehood betrayed,

He shall live—for 'tis better to leave him to that God, to whom
ever belongs

The vengeance that tracks the betrayer and the cause of the poor
man's wrongs.

Did I pine for the lights of his harem? did I envy his wealth
and his state?

Did I shrink from his side in the battle, when we charged to a
soldier's fate?

And these eyes he has dimmed with sorrow, and this heart he has
filled with gall,

That joyed in the hour of his triumph, would have wept o'er their
chieftain's fall.

But she, she must die—you have said it—when the bell is toll-
ing the hour

Which calls the Moslem to prayer from yonder darkening tower.
On the breath of your prayers shall arise a soul to the setting
sun,

To the dirge of your tears and sighs the deed of death shall
be done.

'Tis done! she drank it in silence, and in silence she passed
away;

The goblet is drained, but the knife is unstained, for alas! I
could not stay;

And I heard your prayers in the stillness. Farewell, sweet child,
farewell!

The life you have left is more bereft than thine, for it lives in
Hell.

And art thou at rest in thy slumber? And hast thou found it a home,

Where never a sorrow enters or never the bleak winds roam?
Or never a heart is broken or never a hope betrayed?

And thou art my wife in Heaven, my own sweet Brahminæe maid.

Farewell! farewell! for I seem to feel the coming on of that sleep
Which widens into stillness like a stream ere it reaches the deep,
And bears me away in silence to that silent and shoreless sea,
Where the sinner at last is alone with his sin—alone with his sin—and Thee.

THE SHIKAREE.

I'M the hunter Imaum Bukus—and 'tis sixty years ago
Since first, at the foot of the Malwa hills, I laid the tiger
low ;

Since first, by the side of the rushing tide that leaps through the
hills in foam,

I watched, with my hand on the trigger, till the king of the
woods should come.

'Twas far in the wilder jungle, and many a week till I stood
By the lonely streams which the tiger haunts in the depths of
the denser wood.

My food was the wild wood berries that are washed by the
morning dew,

My bed was made 'neath the tangled shade which the stars
were peeping through,

Till I came to the mountain torrent that is fed by the melting
snow,

And leaps with a spring, like a Malwa king, on the sleeping vale
below.

'Neath the foot of that terrible leap is a cauldron of boiling foam ;
But onward, and see how quiet is he when the woods have
become his home.

He came as a king, to conquer—he goes as a lover, to dream
Through the quiet woodland ways of his shady forest stream—
For the vale has taken him prisoner, as a fair young bride
might lay

The peace of her life by a heart of strife and lead it in calm
away.

'Twas near to the setting sun, and through his golden bars
I could see the night and the coming light of the dim-seen
evening stars ;

And wide and still on plain and hill, with the last faint glimmer-
ing light,

The stillness came down, like a sable crown, on the starry brow
of night.

But the moon rose over the valley, and with it, as if in strife,
The multitudinous sounds of the mighty forest life,

The giant branches are swaying and whispering to and fro ;
Millions of fireflies glittered through the tangled shade below ;
The jackals were screaming afar, and the long *lungooa*—see,
See how he heaves the trembling leaves as he swingeth from
tree to tree ;

With a deeper sound between—and I knew 'twas the tiger
roared,

As he paced his way to the spot where I lay by the moonlit
banks of the ford.

As he came through the shade of the winding glade, I could
hear his deepening roar,

Like the thunder that fills the echoing hills when the storm
begins to lower.

Dark through the night was the rolling light of his eyes' dilated
glow,
And the moving stripes on his heaving trunk, and the measured
beat, and slow,
Of his mighty tail, like a threshing flail, as he swept it to and fro.
Now full in the light of the silver night on the crest of the
bank he stood.
Before him the moonlit stream and the ford, behind him the
sheltering wood.
And my hand was shaking awhile, as I laid my gun in aim—
Was shaking still with the exquisite thrill that vibrated through
my frame;
But I steadied it again in a moment, and just as he turned his
head,
The bullet flew with an aim so true that the lord of the jungle
was dead.
It entered behind the shoulder—it tore its way to his heart—
And life and death met in the breath which joined them no
more to part.
I carried the skin to the village—'twas ten good feet and a span;
And the wonder grew—for a boy, I slew the tiger which killed
the man.
Then I took to the hills of Malwa, with the hunter's flint and steel,
And lived like an old shikaree by the hand which slew for a
meal.
But still on the hills at morn, and still at eve by the stream,
My days were filled with a yearning and my nights were vexed
with a dream;

And still, with the peace of my lot, my hunter's heart was at strife,
And I pined for the far Himaulyas and the mightier mountain
life,

Till the hope of this ceaseless longing was the one strong wish
of my soul,

And the yearning that filled my spirit grew stronger than control.
And I left for the long, long journey, but long ere that journey
was o'er

My powder was gone, but I journeyed on and begged from door
to door ;

And ever as sunk the sun, and whether in plain or on hill,
I saw in his light the hope that beckoned me onward still :
And still to the ray of the fading day, when its glimmering lights
depart,

I prayed with the strength of a poor man's prayer for the one
strong wish of my heart.

Till at last—'twas a summer's evening—ah me ! I remember well,
The foot way lay through a narrow way and by many a winding dell ;
Not a yard across did it measure, but the length was stretching
still,

Like the winding wake of a water snake it wound through the
heart of the hill.

But the curtain of hills was lifted, and, like a sudden light,
The waking truth of that long dream burst in upon my sight.
From the spot where I stood, on the verge of the wood, I could
carry my wondering eyes

Range over range, till the infinite heights were lost in the
mingling skies ;

And further and further they stretched, and ever fainter in hue,
To the crystal dream of a fairy peak in the depths of the azure
blue.

'Neath the shade of the brooding clouds the valleys were dark
and bleak,

But the evening lights were melting round every glowing peak ;
From the valleys arose the murmur of many a hill cascade,
And a horror of climbing woods that rustled in the shade ;
Under the folded heavens the birds were wheeling low,
The woods in the whispering breeze were swaying to and fro ;
And still on the darkness below the sun-crowned hills looked down,
As a wife might smile on the smoke of the pile that girdled
her with its frown.

Just Allah ! who spake by the Prophet, are these thy mountain
walls ?

Are these the glorious ramparts which gird thy azure halls ?
Dost Thou sit, when the stars are clustered, and the midnight
watching still

In the night alone, on thy crystal throne, on the brow of the
mighty hill,

Though Thy feet are where the waters through the vale is
flashing bright ?

Around Thy brow is the wreath of snow which is gemmed by
the starry night ;

From Thy hands the lightnings are flashing, and on Thy breath
rolls down

The awful tone which is heard alone through the veil of thy
thunder frown.

But the hills with their summits of glory—their girdles of storm and shade—

Are the emblems of Him whom no storm can dim, to the creatures of clay He has made.

And the mountains became my home, and 'tis thirty years ago
Since last I saw the plains I had left, as they spread below
me now,—

For, far in the heart of the lonelier hills, I had found a wild
retreat,

Where the waters that rushed from the melting snows were
stayed in a vale at my feet—

Were stayed for a while, as a heart might pause on the brink
of some hardy act,

And then rushed forward, to dash their strength in the mighty
cataract

Which is spanned by the trembling beams that hang o'er its
waters like a bow,

And leaps through its arch of mist and light a thousand feet below.
And here, with the mountains around me—by the side of that
gliding stream,

I lived the life which so oft had cheered the soul of my hunter's
dream ;

And across the wild Himaulyas I carried the hunter's war,
In the track of the bounding *gurrul*—on the trail of the dream-
seen *thar*

And to higher and lonelier wastes where the ovis-anmon stands
On the mighty and misty peaks above the far Thibetan lands.

And oft, when the night was lifting her veil of shadow and mist
From the brow of those hills which the earliest morn with lips
of light had kissed,

I followed the sun on his journeying path till he sank to his
golden rest,

And glowed like a sapphire of living light in the heart of the
burning west.

When the sun has climbed the heavens, the day is throned in
the hills,

In the glittering sunshine that flings its light o'er a thousand
sparkling rills ;

Like silver the torrents are shining, as they foam and tumble away
Down their rocky beds in a whirl of light and a mist of silver spray ;
And the highest summits above, and the deepest recesses below,
Are revealed to the God of Day in the light of that glorious glow.
He hath smiled e'en the clouds from their shadows, in fleecy silver
they rest, [breast,

Like babes in a summer-day slumber on their mother's glowing
Till the shades of twilight descending, the soft light melteth
away-

In a thousand mingling hues of purple, and blue, and grey :
'Tis the blood of the dying day has been shed on the ruby hills,
And dyed the valley with crimson light, and stained the purpling
rills. [move on ;

The sun to the westward is sinking ; the creeping shadows
The woods o'er the misty valleys are waving in tender gloom ;
The valleys are buried in shadow, but the distant mountains rise
In a sea of cold grey peaks to the darkening evening skies ;

The glittering star of eve hangs like a jewelled light
Over the silvery brow of the giant and darkening height.
And at night, when the star-sprinkled heavens and the light of
the moon's soft beam
Were shedding their gentle glory on meadow and hill and stream,
By the gleaming waters I knelt, on the verdant and moonlit sod :
For my home in the hills I blessed Thee, our God—our fathers'
God.

.
To-day I had come to the village ; the snows had driven me
down :

And 'tis two and thirty years well told since last I saw the town.
And they laughed at my tattered garments—they laughed at
my hoary hair,

And were I but twenty years younger they should laugh at
my beard who dare.

And because I begged from a bunya a handful of gram for a
meal,

I was seized as a thief by his dog of a peon—who swore he saw
me steal—

And dragged as a thief to kutcherry to hear the Saheb's decree.
But the Saheb was kind to the old man, and his words were as
music to me ;

He told them to loosen my fetters—he told them to let me depart.
May the sunshine that rests on his house be locked in the rooms
of his heart !

For I'm old and very lonely—and 'tis sixty years ago
Since first, at the foot of the Malwa hills, I laid the tiger low.

THE TAJ MEHAL.

I.

THE Taj unvisited, to him had been
The one reproach of many a wandering year ;
The Taj beheld, became, as soon as seen,
The recollection to his heart most near :
And Fancy loves, and Memory holds thee dear,
And to thy marble towers still fondly cling
The lingering fancies and the painless tear
That all remembered beauties ever bring—
The angels of our nobler life—the hovering powers
Of our most secret and most soul-felt hours.

II.

Thou Poet's dream, for ever fixed in stone—
Thou music breathed to such deep repose,
That ere the winds could waft it as their own
It trembled into peace, and thou arose,
The Temple of Tranquillity, where flows,
'Midst echoing halls, the fountain of that peace
Which brings oblivion for all human woes,
Rolling in waves of silence till they cease—
Thou home of those deep harmonies which dwell
In the soul's inmost and most secret cell !

III.

And here reclined Apollo might have lain,
And thou, from out thy maze of circling bowers,
Have risen, responsive to his lyre-drawn strain,
In all thy marble majesty of towers,
Without the toil or weight of human hours,
Without a single throb of human pain,
Still unbaptized in sad affliction's showers,
And still unsullied by their deep heart stain—
The birth of Poetry—the heir of Song—
To live as beautiful and to last as long.

IV.

But thou wert raised to suffering, not song;
Thousands have died to make thee what thou art,
And all the sorrow of their life-bowed wrong
Hath cast no shadow on thy marble heart,
The emblem of their peace art thou—a part
Of that grand rest which crowned their humble toil
With those grave-shadowed memories which start
To rob the tyrant of his trophied spoil,
As if they claimed thee to attest alone
The death of thousands for the life of one.

V.

And here Pygmalion's marble bride might find
Her fittest, latest resting-place, and here
The fabled Princes in thy halls enshrined
Might sleep in beauty till the fated year

Brought the light kiss that waked her, and the tear
Slid from her long lash to her heaving breast,
And the new courses of her life ran clear
Through the soft settled sunshine of deep rest,
And sweet oblivion hid the loveless past,
And she was waked to love and life at last.

VI.

Thou makest all things lovely in thy night :
The moon that floats above thy sleeping towers
Sheds her serenest glory on the night
That gilds thy slumber with her silver hours ;
Thy wealth of marble beauty even dowers
The tide that laves thee with thy imaged dream ;
Thy trembling minarets and star-lit bowers
Shine through the wavery shadows of the stream,
Till thou and this thy phantom bride seem one
In their chaste wedlock of immortal stone.

VII.

And he, the stranger, from whose Art-lit brain
Thou camest, as from some enchanter's wand,—
Wert thou the offspring of his exiled pain ?
His wandering foot was in a distant land :
But ah ! his heart was where the Master's hand
Had crowned fair Florence on her throne of spires ;
Or where the columns of St. Peter's stand
To tell degenerate Romans of their sires—
To outlive her night of Art and shame—to last
The marble annals of her deathless Past.

VIII.

At noon, reclined upon the burning sand,
And 'neath the scant shade of some withered tree,
And where the Jumna, through a desert land,
Pours down her winding waters to the sea,
He slept perchance, and sleeping dreamed of thee ;
And waking vowed, when human hands had wrought
The vision to its grand reality,
'Twould stand the record of the Poet's thought—
'Twould breathe the secret of his exile's dream,
Long as its towers should stand or marble gleam.

IX.

O Taj Mehal ! although the Moslem prays
Within thy shrines, and claims thee as his own ;
Although thy echoing jubilees still raise
The wafted orisons to Allah's throne,—
Yet is the deep religion of thy stone
The universal creed no sect can claim—
The faith that blends all others into one,
In that for which thou art and must remain :
The God of all hath made thee from above,
The Shrine of Beauty and the Throne of Love.

Miscellaneous Poems.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

I.



Oh! where shall we bury the Poet?

I know it.

On the field of the brave,
When the battle doth rave,
And the wild banners wave,
In the fight o'er the grave—
The grave of the Poet.

II.

Oh! where shall we bury the Poet?

I know it.

'Midst the funeral gloom
Of the dim vaulted tomb,
Whose cold marble womb
Will hold, till the Doom,
The sacred remains of the Poet.

III.

Oh ! where shall we bury the Poet ?

I know it.

By the clear-flowing streams,
'Neath the sun's softest beams,
Where a murmur of rest will steal through the dreams
That sweeten the sleep of the Poet.

IV.

Oh ! where shall we bury the Poet ?


I know it.

In his last sleep should rest,
Near his heart, on his breast,
That fond little head he has often caressed—
The head of the maiden who loved him the best.
Yes, this—*this* is the grave of the Poet !

STELLA.

OR THE FATAL STRATAGEM.

THE following lines are founded on an incident in Italian story. Stella, Countess of——, was betrothed in her infancy to her cousin, Count Alphonse of——. She was left an orphan at an early age, and grew up without having seen her intended husband, as the Count Alphonse was one of the Crusaders. The time approached when the marriage was to take place, and the Count wrote, announcing his return on a certain day. In the meantime, in his anxiety to see his betrothed, he disguised himself, and journeyed under a false name towards Italy. He passed through the little town of——, called after one of Stella's country chateau, where she happened to be staying at the time. They met accidentally in the woods around the chateau and fell in love, but, apprehensive of the consequences, concealed their identity from each other. The consequences were fatal. They parted; the Count continued his journey to the castle, and arrived at midnight at Stella's chateau. He was shown to his chamber, and told that the Countess would see him in the morning. Stella was desperate in her despair. She crept to his bedside in the dark, and plunged a poniard in his heart. The body was thrown into the sea, but the tide washed it ashore. The morning showed her what she had done, and the story goes that she went mad, and died many years after, in a lunatic asylum, of hopeless melancholia.

“  H me ! ah me ! the grasping wave
Hath plucked him to a colder grave,
And round him, in their restless flow,
The midnight waters come and go.
The moonless night is still ;
And not a star—the angels' eyes—
That watch us from the bending skies,
But hid in clouds their vestal light,
And fled to inner caves of night :
And e'en the silver-floating moon
Hath sunk that night, too soon, too soon,
Behind the dusky hill.

They too can love, and, from the sky,
They could not, could not, see him die ;
But round him, on that sullen shore,
Are winds that rave, and waves that roar,
And now advancing, now retreating,
The restless waters round him beating,
 Make never-ending moan.

They shriek around his tossing head—

 “ He’s dead, he’s dead, my love is dead !”
And, sighing through the watery halls,
A voice of dying anguish calls

 Above the billowy roar :

“ We snatched him to a calmer sleep,
In ocean caves beneath the deep

 He rests for evermore.”

The slumber of the peaceful tomb
Is not the rest for such a doom ;
The vaults that hold the honored slain
Would freeze through every marble vein,
And burst their iron bonds in twain,
To cast his spirit up again !

And if, to form his narrow bed,
Where rest the humbler, happier dead,
The dust of centuries was spread,
And piled in mountains on his head,
That too would break in twain, and must
Yield up, in wrath, his murdered dust.

But now he finds a calmer grave
Beneath the vast and wandering wave,
And spirits of the mighty deep
Are round him in his rolling sleep.
They sing his restless sprite to rest,
And lull him on their heaving breast ;
For him their sad sea-murmurs swell
Through many a lone dim-wreathed shell.
His corpse, for evermore, they bear,
Light-cradled in their floating hair,
Till all be lost and all forgot,
Except, perchance, that little spot,
So small, the softly-creasing skin,
Would hide the speck its folds within,
Through which flew out the dearest life,
That ever rushed before the knife.

.
“ Ah me ! ah me ! it comes again,
This heat and whirl about my brain ;
And then, like distant waters seen,
By moonlight, through a leafy screen,
A fitful glimpse of what has been,
The tower, the wood, the lonely hall,
The clear cold moon above them all,
The rippling silver on the lawn,
The dewy meadows steeped in dawn,

The lake beside his trusting rest,
In whose deep, calm, untroubled breast
 The trembling landscape lies.
And softened through the misty gleam
Of glancing wave and wavering beam,
The mirror'd woods and hills might seem
The vision of some fairy dream,
 The Bowers of Paradise.
And save that still, from time to time,
The bell breaks in with heavy chime,
 All, all is hushed and still.
The solemn chapel bell that tolls
A *requiem* for departing souls,
Or when the light wave blueely rolls
 Against the wooded hill.

.

“One calls it love; the heart's deep shame
Is best, is best, without a name;
They only love to whom is given
To live and love before high heaven.
Their love, like early flowers of May,
Are open to the opening day,
And draw through tears the gentle power,
The light that smiles them into flower.
The tears of love that does not part,
Are dews of God upon the heart.
But oh! that love has darker fate
That lives in God's eternal hate!

It is as if the flower that grew
In sunny skies, and fair to view,
The favor'd of the smiling sky,
And Heaven's all-seen approving eye,
Were rashly plucked within the bud,
And planted in a soil of blood.
It is as if the heavenly lyre
Of happy love and just desire,
The lyre whose notes should never be
Drawn forth except in harmony,
Were seized by ruthless hands that fling
Their woe through every jarring string,
To make the foul discords that flow,
The tangled melodies of woe,
From guilt and guilty love below.

.
"A madness of the heart and brain,
A joy that trembles into pain—
Ah me! what words can e'er express
The young heart's opening tenderness?
That love so blind, nor deem it wrong,
That love so gentle, yet so strong,
That love so touching in its truth,
The first young hallowed dream of youth;
The touch, in our degraded race,
Of that grand old primeval grace,
The last remaining lingering trace

Of pure, unfallen man ;
Ere yet the weeping angel took
His trembling pen and oped the book,
And dropped a tear, as entering in,
The first foul blotting, damning sin,
His mournful task began.

.

“ For love is like the torrent’s force,
And sinks or spreads as falls its course ;
The source unstained, and still they say
It springs in gladness into day.
But as the spreading waters gleam,
It gathers in its deepening stream
The headlong rage, that strives in vain
To wrestle with the sounding main ;
And brings a thousand hates and fears,
A thousand tributary tears,
To swell its boundless shore within,
The boundless sea of human sin.

.

“ Ah me ! ah me ! if God can move
The yearnings of a guiltless love,
And stir, as angel wings have stirred,
The pool, when pleading faith was heard !
T’wards His great throne for ever roll
Those waters of the flowing soul,

And still, whate'er its after-fate,
'Tis love before it lives to hate.
It takes its hue from those that love them,
As streams reflect the skies above them,
In good or ill, in weal or woe,
The fount is pure where'er they flow.

.
" Ah me ! ah me ! it comes again,
It falls in woe, and swells in pain,
And working with the working brain,
It lives within my troubled ear,
The echo of a living fear,
As murmurs of the ocean swell
For ever through the hollow shell.

.
" All still, all dark, I see him now,
A darkness on his sleeping brow ;
A glimmer of the rising moon,
That played too fast and died too soon,
Stole up, as creeping fingers steal,
And quivered on the trembling steel ;
It sank, as soon as rose, and then,
All, all was dark and still again.
I heard—for ah ! the throbbing brain
Was sharpened in its sense of pain—
The distant sounds of night that flow
From out the leafy gloom below,

The ceaseless whirr in bower and hall,
The distant torrent's lulling fall,
So sweet, so sadly musical,
I heard—for months, (it seemed like years,
Since last I knew the bliss of tears).
But now a gentle feeling stole
Across the torture of my soul,
And o'er my spirit gently creep
The griefs which have the power to weep.
It passed, and to the bed I crept;
My sobs might wake him if I wept;
My hand upon his heart I laid,
And raised on high the gleaming blade.
He sighed and murmured through his rest,
As neared the dagger to his breast,
A woman's name he murmured o'er,
And then—he slept to wake no more!

.
“O love 'tis death! I know it now,
His dewy hand is on my brow!
Ah! round my neck thine arms entwine,
And lay thy fervid cheek on mine,
For ah! my strength is ebbing fast,
And we must part, at last, at last!
Nor pain I reckon, nor death I fear;
But Heaven! to die and leave thee here!

To leave thee! in the thought alone
Is torture more than Hell could own.
Nor could the joys of Heaven give
One wish to die if I could live
For her! the wretch whose craven fear
And cursed steel hath laid me here!
Oh! if the dead can ever come
From their dark prison in the tomb,
I swear, in this my dying pain,
We'll meet again, we'll meet again!
We'll meet again, and ever yet;
The sound and tread of phantom feet,
That come and go with ghostly fall,
Shall echo in thy lonely hall,
And whispered word and stifled sigh,
And distant sounds of agony,
And sudden shriek, and closing door,
Through hall and lonely corridor,
Shall vex thee ever, evermore."

THE ORPHAN BOY'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE blinds were up, and through the blazing panes
He saw the dancers moving—heard the strains
Of dulcet music, and the measured beat,
On the rich carpet, of the dancers' feet.
Confused it seemed, yet bright—a waving sea
Of light and love and sweetest melody.
Once more the music swelled—a livelier strain
Thrilled through the pulses of his wondering brain,
An ampler lustre filled the gorgeous rooms.
And hark! what merry throng is this that comes
With mirth and joy and laughter-ringing glee?
A group of children round a Christmas tree.
And little feet are guided by aged hands
To where the monarch of the evening stands—
The glistening holly tree, whose boughs are spread
To shower its blessings on each tiny head:
And busy hands and happy hearts are there,
And laughter ringing through the frosty air.
'Twas a bright vision—with his eyes upraised
He leaned his head against the bars and gazed;

And as he gazed, the lonely orphan boy
Felt a strange thrill of unaccustomed joy.
He too was happy—on his pallid cheek
The strange light of a smile was flickering weak ;
His heart, for one short moment even blessed,
Beat with a livelier motion in his breast.
But strange and sudden darkness fell between
His gazing eyes and all that fairy scene ;
The blind that fell between him and the light
Hid all its wondrous glory from his sight.
And he was out in the cold winter night ;
Even still a moment to his eyes it shone,
And then the night was round him and 'twas gone—
'Twas gone, and now he must no longer stay.
But ah ! he could not tear himself away ;
And gazing still, he sank him slowly down,
And laid his cheek against the cold, wet stone.

The snow was falling, through the tranquil night
The flakes descended noiseless, soft and white ;
And o'er the wide expanse of glistening snow
The moonbeams spread a dull and cheerless glow ;
And far above the twinkling stars looked down
With a cold glitter on the sleeping town :
And stillness reigned on all, for Nature then
Was hushed and silent through her wide domain.

On such a night He came, when "midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion's hill."

He tried to pray, but on his frozen tongue
The soundless sorrows of his heart were dumb,
Till memory charmed from out his o'er-wrought brain
The tears that are the happiness of pain.

"Can this be death? If so, I should not weep.
"These icy chills that o'er my senses creep,
"Can this be death? And must I die alone
"In this cold night, and on this freezing stone?
"No pitying ear to hear my parting sighs—
"No friendly hand to close my dying eyes?"
He ceased, and was he dreaming—did he hear
A voice that answered, "Little one, I'm here?
"Thy prayer is heard, and thy release is nigh,
"I came to bring thee to thy home on high."
Slowly he turned, for with that sound there came
An awe and trembling over all his frame,
And in the solemn night he dimly felt
Some presence bending o'er him as he knelt.
Nearer it came—a gentle hand was laid
In prayer and blessing on his fallen head,
And in the clear depths of that holy awe
All that was round him in that hour he saw—

The bleeding feet, the head with grief bowed down,
The purple robe and thorn-platted crown.
But when, as stars might shine that left the skies,
He met the low light of those bending eyes,
Then, deep and tranquil, o'er all his soul
A holy joy of calmest feeling stole ;
To that one word his lifted spirit rushed,
" Jesus"—and all again was still and hushed.

" Not for the proud I came, or in their name ;
" For thee, and such as thou, the Saviour came —
" For thee and all who seek my bright abode,
" Along the thorny, not the flow'ry road ;
" And thus, even thus, upon that awful day
" I came to meet them fainting on the way,
" To bear their cross—to give their spirits rest,
" And take them weary to the Saviour's breast."

One cry he gave, then stretched his little hands
As if to grasp the vision where it stands,
Fixed on that face his last dim dying gaze,
And moved his trembling lips to speechless praise.
And as some shipwrecked mariner who tries
To keep the beacon still before his eyes
That sends across the tempest and the night
Its beam of hope and wavering path of light,

So when the mists of death begin to roll
In storm and darkness round the Christian soul,
Above the darkness of the closing years
The beacon light of living faith appears,
Shines for the Christian's steps, where'er they roam,
Along the path that leads the wanderer home.

Advancing steps—a sullen measured tread—
A sudden hand upon the lifeless head ;
A flashing light into the still closed eyes ;
A passing shock of pity and surprise ;
A soft “ God help us!—here's a pretty go !
“ A beggar boy has perished in the snow ! ”

Is there no moral to this little tale ?
The verse is idle when its lessons fail
This day of man's deliverance from sin,
When all is bleak without and bright within ;
When the low winds that roam about the moor
Seemed burdened with the sorrows of the homeless poor
'Midst all the smiles that deck our Christmas cheer,
Oh, keep one moment sacred to the tear
Which sweet Compassion steals from festive pride
For those to whom its blessings are denied :
The widow mourning, with the blinding tear,
The coming day and the returning year ;

The father bending o'er his Christmas fare
To hide the tear that weeps the vacant chair ;
The generous heart by poverty depressed,
And all who are forsaken and oppressed,
And so receive, unmixed with all alloy,
The calmer pleasure and the purer joy,
Which weeps, but bows to kiss the chastening rod,
And gives the hours to gladness, and—to God.

THERMOPYLÆ.

THE King hath sent the message forth,
To summon all his host
From Indus on the borders,
To Sardis on the coast;
From those dim northern wastes that lie
In everlasting snows,
To where, through Afric's desert depths,
The unending river flows.

II.

And sealed his anger with an oath,
The awful monarch hath—
“Let Greece prepare, at last, to dare
The lion in his wrath.
The word goes forth with sword and fire,
That bids a nation cease,
And pours the sea of Persia's ire
Across the plains of Greece.

III.

“ Let all be joined in that great host,
Till Persia’s martial tread
Shall wake the wonder of the Gods,
And the slumbers of the dead.
And when the pass from shore to shore,
Across the marrow strait,
’Twill bear my legions like a bridge,
And groan beneath their weight.”

IV.

They came from north—they came from south,
From east and west they came ;
From Scythian wastes, and Afric’s plains,
The desert land of flame.
The land joined all its myriad streams
To form that mighty host,
From Indus on the borders,
To Sardis on the coast.

V.

But when they reached the narrow seas,
And threw the passage o’er,
The element, that owns no king,
Was wrath from shore to shore.
The waves grew white, a groan was heard
From out the troubled deep ;
At last he raised his awful head,
Like a giant from his sleep.

VI.

“ And who be ye, O king ! would dare
To fetter with a chain
The countless years of time that own
My old primeval reign ?
Away ! this buzzing sound ye make
Hath vexed my watery rest,”
He said, and, with a single shake,
He heaved them from his breast.

VII.

They saw and feared ; but when the king,
Slow-sinking through the deep,
Hath sought the twilight caves that hold
The breathings of his sleep,
They joined the bridge-of-boats again,
And threw it softly o’er,
And so the might of Persia passed
Across from shore to shore.

VIII.

They passed—and Freedom, from her throne
Above the rocky height,
Looked down in grief on that great march,
And veiled her from the sight.
She wept—her tears, beside their path,
Bedewed each drooping leaf ;
The lightning flashed the Goddess’ wrath,
And thunder spoke her grief.

IX.

Till where, as some proud rock that lifts
Its forehead from the sea,
The hills that mingle with the clouds,
Frown o'er Thermopylæ.
The Spartans stood, at twilight's hour,
Three hundred in a ring,
And in their midst, the patriots' tower—
Leonidas, the king.

X.

Then spake the King Leonidas :
“ Now, Spartans, for the strife
That gives us to eternal death,
Or to immortal life ;
That wipes, from Sparta's page, the name
Of each degenerate son,
Or sends the echoes of our fame
For ever rolling on.

XI.

“ And by your fathers' glory,
And by your mothers' pride,
And by those last embraces
That sent you from their side.
And by the honored dust that heaves
Above your fathers' graves,
Strike for the cause of Freedom now,
Or be for ever slaves.

XII.

“ Stand as the rocks on Adrian’s shore,
 When Auster heaves the main,
Stand as the oaks, when winter’s roar
 Flies down the whistling grain ;
Stand as the tower of other days,
 When winter’s blast is nigh,
That lifts its hoary front to meet
 The fury of the sky.

XIII.

“ We cannot die : the freeman’s heart
 That stills within the strife,
Wins from the pang, that bids it cease,
 An everlasting life.
The blood that’s shed in Freedom’s name,
 And Freedom’s cause sublime,
Runs out to quicken Freedom’s stream
 Through all the years of time.

XIV.

“ They’ll talk of us through all the years,
 And ages yet to come,
When honor fails to tell *our* tale,
 Renown itself is dumb.
In summer fields, by winter’s fire,
 While lives the patriot’s glory,
The lisping babe, the hoary sire,
 Will linger on our story.

XV.

“ And when the day is ended,
And when at twilight’s close,
Around the board of festal cheer
The brimming goblet goes,
One cup to every Spartan lip,
Sire, mother, wife, and son
Shall circled be, to the memory
Of the deed that we have done.”

XVI.

He ceased, and from that hollow ring
A hollow deepening roar,
Like tides of midnight when they fling
Their wrath upon the shore,
All faint and distant, till the seas
Have gathered in their might,
And roll their voices on the breeze,
And through the halls of night.

.

XVII.

“ They turn ! they fly ! ” — the monarch sprang
From off his shining throne —
“ Now, by the fires that burn for us,
The Braves are overthrown ;
My kingdom for a single hand
To stay the dastard flight.”
He drew his robe about his face,
And veiled him from the sight.

XVIII.

But not another hand was raised
To guard a Persian head ;
The spears that strewed the darkening plain
But marked the Persian dead.
And in the Pass, all, all, is peace,
That tomb, so dark and gory,
But held three hundred sons of Greece,
And Persia's buried glory.

C A R A C T A C U S .

HIS hands were chained—his head was bowed,
His swarthy limbs were bound.
At last he raised his haughty head,
And calmly looked around ;
And calmly, with unshrinking eye,
That wondrous scene surveyed—
The massive squares—the chariots light,
The lines of spears and banners bright—
Where Rome's proud empire crowned the height,
And proudly stood arrayed.

II.

The Monarch spoke : “ Proud Briton, see—
Behold them where they stand—
All these proud hosts belong to me,
And wait at my command ;
I need but speak one little word,
And all that mighty host
Pours forth a sea of living wrath
Upon thy British coast.”

III.

Then answer made Caractacus—

“And if these hosts are thine,
If this vast power belongs to thee,
Why hast thou envied mine ?
Why hast thou sent with sword and brand
To fill my home with strife ?
Why tear me from my native land,
From children and from wife ?”

IV.

And still in wrath the king replied—

“Have I not said to thee
Our flag must wave on every shore,
Must spread o’er every sea ?
And you who in that isle, O king !
Our Roman power withstood,
Shall hear your vales with slaughter ring
And see your streams run blood.”

V.

The victor ceased—the chieftain mused,

And scarce suppressed a start,
For with the words the Monarch spoke
A pang shot through his heart.
He saw the fields of blood and strife,
He saw the invading horde,
He saw his little babes and wife
Beneath the Roman sword.

VI.

He heard the widowed mother's sigh,
He heard the orphan's wail,
He saw the steam of slaughter rise
And taint the fainting gale,
And woods, all red with battle light,
Were flashing far and near ;
He raised his fettered hand to hide
The bitter, burning tear.

VII.

It passed—and with it passed the cloud
That darkened o'er his brow ;
Another brighter vision rose
Before the chieftain now.
Flashed through his tears his kindling ire,
And from his swelling breast
The words of patriot pride and fire
Came rushing thick and fast.

VIII.

“ Put forth thy might—send all thy hosts,
Do all thy tyrant worst,
And cast upon our island shore
Thy Roman hordes accursed.
I have seen thy boasted legions, king,
In flight across the plain,
And that which we have done before
We yet can do again.

IX.

“ And mark, when all thy power hath passed,
And all this proud array,
When thou and thine have lain in dust
Long ages from this day,
That isle, that little isle, O king !
That springs from out the sea,
Shall be the gem in Freedom’s crown,
And home of Liberty.

X.

“ Those glad free waves that beat about
Her infant ocean rest,
Shall nurse the babe of Freedom on
Its mother’s heaving breast ;
And while those free waves folding round
Brimful of blessings smile,
At heart she’ll hold her calm, and crowned
Our little mother isle.

XI.

“ Her fame shall reach to every shore,
And every wind that blows
Shall waft her navies o’er the deep,
The terror of her foes ;
And still, where’er they be the while,
A Briton’s boast shall be—
I am a son of that free isle
That springs from out the sea.

XII.

“ And homeless men from every clime,
 Of every hue and race,
 Shall make, through all the years of time,
 That isle their dwelling-place ;
 And when they lift their hearts in prayer
 To Him who made them free,
 Shall breathe that blessing with the air
 That gives them liberty.”

XIII.

The king was moved. “ Undo his chains,
 Oh ! let the warrior go ;
 Give me thy hand, Caractacus,
 Thou art a noble foe.
 Brave chief, for thee our clemency
 Shall spare thy island home ;
 And twined now our power shall grow
 For Britain and for Rome.”

THE EBBING TIDE.

WELL, call it a sick man's fancy, or a shape from those
twilight shadows
That fill the mind of fever in the chambers of the brain ;
But to-day I dreamed that my life would go out with the ebbing
waters,

And to-night, as I lay in a doze, I dreamed that dream again.
For a while I thought that my soul had left me here in the
chamber,

And the death watch ticked in the silence for the heart that
ceased to beat ;

And through the window I passed to the verge of the mighty
ocean,

Where the wrinkled moonlit tides came moaning to my feet.

And I thought that my spirit was strong while the waters still
were flowing—

Strong with the strength of their rage, and a stormy boisterous
glee ;

But when they ebbed from the land, I felt it going, going,

And the moan of retreating waves was the dirge of death for
me.

.

I heard of it oft as a boy. 'Tis strange that a fable of childhood
Should have power to enter and shake the strong-grown heart
of a man ;

But if I die, when the tide is ebbing under the moonlight,
Remember the words I have spoken, and account for it as you
can.

.
I was dreaming again—a pleasant dream. I thought we were
back in our chambers,
Reading once more by the ruddy blaze, as we entered, soul
to soul,
The fairy regions of Fancy, and shaped the years before us
From the soft contemplative wreaths as they rose from the
glowing bowl.

.
Dear friend, you said 'twas a dream—a passion of youth—to
vanish

When time and the larger views of men and life should be nigh :
And now I am dying, yet now not even death can banish
That voice from my dying ear, or that face from my glazing eye.
She comes in a thousand shapes, but always in those two phases,
Which the love I have won and lost has branded deeper than all ;
The pale cheek pressed against mine while the stars were
shining above us,
And the lip of her laughing scorn 'neath the lamp in the
crowded hall.

I battled against it all. I turned my face to the morrow ;
I drove the care from my lip, and forbad the tear to start.
But ah ! how oft have I prayed, through the sleepless hours of
my sorrow, [my heart !
For tears to quench the grief that was wasting and breaking

For what was ambition then—what was the hope which bound me ?
I wished to win and be great, for love is the soul of endeavour ;
And when the hope fell from me, 'twas nothing but darkness
around me—

The light of my life went out with the love I had lost for ever.

I have written some foolish books ; oh ! take them and hide
them for ever

From the eyes of the world, but not from your own ; for, best
and dearest friend, [together,

I would live to thee in the thoughts we so oft have thought
And still have a place in that love which can outlive the end.

And books are the best companions—the truest consolations—
The companions that never grow tedious, the friends that never
grow cold ;

“They make us the heirs of all time, the denizens of all nations,”
The pupils of the lesson which the mighty Past hath told.

Yes, if 'tis rapture to read what the wealth of genius has given,
To be the wonder and praise of all succeeding ages.

Oh ! for the mind in that hour when it steals in thought from
Heaven,

The vision that shines on the soul, and flows in a dream to the pages !

Nearer, a little nearer—your voice seems to faint in the distance ;
And let me, through the darkness, feel the grip of your strong
right hand,

And do not ask me to speak, or speak yourselves, but leave me,
Calm and strong and still, till the tide has ebbed from the land.

.

Hark! 'tis the stroke of twelve: the tide has ceased its flowing.
It trembles in stillness awhile, under the pale moonlight ;
And now it begins to ebb. George, I am going, going,
Going out with the tide to the boundless sea of night.

IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

(Written during the great drought of 1869 in the North-West Provinces of India.)

LORD, are these Thy judgments on Thy people?
Is this Thy scourging rod?
That Thou shouldst keep the waters from the land—
The Lord our God!

II.

That they, the poor and desolate, forsaken,
Should cry in vain,
“Lord of the Harvest, hear our supplication,
Send us Thy rain!”

III.

Nor they shall pray, nor they shall weep, thy anger
(The rich in state)
On whom, as through one season of rich plenty,
Thy bounties wait.

IV.

But they, the poor, to whom their Father giveth
From His own hand
That bread of life by which the poor man liveth
From land to land;

V.

For whom, when all the land around him burns,
All hope is gone ;
Who in all seasons of his sorrow turns
To Thee alone ;

VI.

On whom the sun doth shine as thine own blessing,
The rains that fall
Are sent as tears of that divine compassion
That weeps for all.

VII.

By the hearts bowed in this their great affliction,
By their deep pain,
And the long anguish of their yearning patience,
Send us Thy rain.

VIII.

By the low cry for ever round them swelling,
The drear refrain
Of foodless anguish in the poor man's dwelling,
Send us Thy rain.

IX.

Avert, O Lord ! Thy anger from the nation,
Suspend Thy rod,
And hear Thy people in their supplication—
The Lord our God.

IXION.

A SPARK, a little spark, or scarce so much—
A hair of finest, faintest, trembling light
In all the wide, immeasurable void ;
One spot of central calm, one little spot,
To *still* the wasting fury of my heart—
The deep remembrance of that far-off time.
Unquenched, unquenchable, it faints or glows,
As falls, in lighter or in deeper gloom,
The crowning funeral darkness of my fate.
Transfixed for ever on this rolling wheel
With agonies intolerable deep,
Like those dim stars by day unseen, unknown,
Which the all-radiant and insatiate day
Drinks in through all his universal blue,
But, for the poor explorer of the Earth,
Shines on the up-turned eye of Hope alone,
To cheer his dark and perilous descent.

.

Ah me ! that hour unmatched, supreme !
From cloud to cloud we won our upward way.

Not as a Goddess didst thou then appear,
But as the fairest of thy mortal sex,
Or likest them, the glowing island maids
Of thine own favored and imperial Greece:
Thy loose hair playing with the wanton wind,
Thy light robe bared, to half reveal, half hide,
The snowy circles of thy swelling breast;
The golden zone about thy waist—the rest
All free, disclosing, as thou mov'dst in light,
The gleamy shadowy beauties of thy form.
The amorous wind played round, delaying,
And sank in sighs to faint about thy feet;
The clouds spread round us to receive thus in,
Till through the blue empyrean we saw
The awful portals on the Mount of Jove,
Cloud-capped, with lightning round the gleaming dome;
And beheld the marble steps descending,
Till they sank down through the cerulean depths
Of that bright stream—the crystal azure wave
That flows untainted from the courts of God.

.

All else is darkness—a disordered dream—
Till that lone meeting by the silent lake,
Far from the starry courts upon the Mount.
The madness of my fevered heart, and thee,
Pale, drooped upon my burning breast in tears;
Thy starry eyes suffused in liquid love.

And then the rolling cloud that came anon,
And that dread voice within it which denounced
His awful judgment on our mutual sin!
For thee—immortal, unplacable still—
The light of his great love withdrawn, thy place
Of shame in silence at his awful feet!
For me, led to the battlements—condemned—
Bound to this rolling wheel, and hurled thence,
To fall for ever through eternal space.

.
A voice has wandered by me, and it sighs :
“Peace to thee, Ixion, nor believe me changed.
“We that outlive the days of man, are formed
“For this beside, to still outlive his love—
“Immortal through all change. If that my tears,
“Still shed for thee from morn till eve, and then
“From eve till morn and returning day,
“Could aught avail for thee and thy sad fate,
“Then wouldst thou be released—oh ! then restored
“To these high courts and Jove’s imperial grace.
“But who can change Jove’s high and dread decree?
“Oh ! Ixion, Ixion, peace to thee !
“Peace to thee, Ixion ! Oh ! fare thee well !”
It faints, it dies, it sighs itself to rest,
And my deep heart re-echoes, “Peace, ah peace !”

IN MEMORIAM.

THY grave is made in a quiet spot
Of thy last low quiet home,
Where the steps of the stranger wander not,
Or idle gazers come ;
In a dell, remote from the upland path,
Where footsteps come and go,
And grasses, green in the summer wind,
Are waving to and fro.

II.

Where the willow weeps its leaves above,
And the sailing clouds, as they pass,
Chase their phantom shades through the silent hours
Over the waving grass ;
Where the air is faint with the stillness it holds,
And all things seem to breathe
In the gentle spirit of him who sleeps
His dreamless sleep beneath.

III.

There have been tears, bright boy, for thee,
A mother's weary sighs,
O'er the lonely grave in a distant land,
Where her confined dear one lies.
A father's grey head drooped in grief,
Fond sister's gentle weeping,
Hand clasped in hand, heart hushed on heart,
O'er the grave where their boy lies sleeping.

IV.

'Twas hard to see thee, little friend,
Grow weaker day by day,
To see thee fail from out thy strength
And slowly fade away ;
To see the little hand grow thin
And the bright blue eye grow dim,
Till the struggling spirit found release
And fluttered up to Him.

V.

"They sleep not as the Heathens sleep,"
They sleep to wake again ;
This link drawn off, but nearer draws
To God the living chain.
And Christian hope outlives the end ;
We bow, we kiss the rod,
And so resign thee, little friend,
To thy young sleep in God.

IN MEMORIAM.

FATHER PROUT.

HIS vigil keeping,
A fay sat weeping
In the fairy circle on the lone hill side,
While the mists are creeping,
And the stars are sleeping,
On the tranquil water of the gleaming tide.
The lamentation,
With reverberation,
The echoing mountains the wail prolong,
Now dying, dying,
The gale is sighing,
The plaintive measure of the fairy song.

II.

“Sad and slowly,
Deep and holy,
In the proud affliction which no tear must stain,
In grief they bore him,
Where the temple o’er him
Was the hallowed urn of a nation’s fame ;

Where the dust around him
Was the shroud that wound him—
Memory's mantle for the Poet's name ;
And the solemn pealing
Of the anthem, stealing
Through dim recesses of the grand old fane,
Would soothe his slumbers
With the magic numbers
Of the sacred spirit at whose call he came.

III.

“ Ah ! yes, 'twill save him
The tomb you gave him,
'Midst the deathless memories where his bones are laid ;
But ah ! 'twere dearer
To have laid him nearer
To the fairy scenes where his childhood strayed—
By fountains gushing,
By rivers rushing,
By the waving meadows on the lone hill side,
Where the Poet wandered,
And musing pondered,
In the dreamy visions of a Poet's pride.

IV.


“ Nor art could mould him,
Nor man had told him
The magic secret of his fairy lyre,

The vital spirit
He did inherit,
And lit his torch at nature's sacred fire.
Her spirit brought him
The truths she taught him,
In the rushing river and the whispering breeze,
And through him rolling
His inmost soul in,
He felt the music of her melodies.

V.

“ From Her he came,
And Her's his fame,
And Her's the privilege his bones to keep.
Oh ! let him rest
Upon the green hill's breast,
Where she can pour her spirit round his sleep ;
Where mists are creeping,
And stars are sleeping,
On the tranquil bosom of the gleaming tide,
And fays are weeping,
Their vigil keeping,
In the fairy circle on the lone hill side.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

Y the side of fallen agave tree
The fainting traveller lay,
Lost in the depths of the boundless bush,
In the burning heat of day,
And the sun in its mid-day blaze and strength
Shed fierce and scorching ray.

II.

He heard the screaming jackal cry,
And the "whip poor will's" low coo,
And the dingo's bark, and the daysure's howl,
And the wood bird's dull "tu whoo,"
And the sullen plunge in the distant bush
Of the leaping kangaroo.

III

Then the sounds grew faint, and murmuring lulled :
Now he was a child again
In the summer woods, and through the trees
Fell the gentle summer rain ;
But it fell in drops of molten fire,
And smote into his brain.

IV.

He stood by his native river now,
 By the brimming water's brink,
 'Neath the leafy shade of a hazel bough
 He stooped him down to drink :
 But the branches shrivelled away in fire,
 And the waters seemed to shrink.

V.

Then a sigh broke from his burning lips,
 As he heard sweet voices call,
 In the vision that brightened his slumber now,
 A dream that was dearer than all ;
 For she wept on his breast, whom he loved the best,
 And he stood in his father's hall.


VI.

Her tears fell fast on his trembling hand.
 " Oh ! love, you are faint and weak ;
 Oh ! lay your throbbing head on this breast,"
 He strove but could not speak.
 The sleeper sighed, and the tears of his dream
 Were trickling down his cheek.

VII.

" But why should we weep, you're come at last,
 We shall never, never part."
 " Ah ! never," he cried ; but she sprang from his side,
 And the dreamer woke with a start !
 Now the foul hyæna has lapped his blood,
 And the vulture tore his heart.

DIED AT SEA.

 SILENT, lonely man amidst us all,
Watching, waiting, weary for the call,
With just one hope could win him
From those dying thoughts within him—
The shadow of the hand upon the wall.

II.

Twenty years of lonely exile had he borne,
Looking forward, hoping ever for the morn
When the white cliffs gleaming o'er him,
And the green fields spread before him,
He should stand upon that deck not forlorn.

III.

Ah! the welcome that awaited his return!
Ah! the hearts to which that dying heart did yearn!
Ah! the hands that stretched to greet him!
Ah! the love that ran to meet him!
Hide, mourner, hide the tears that burn.

IV.

By the vessel's gliding bulwark he would stand,
His drooping head still resting on his hand,
 With a gaze that still looked back
 To the foam upon our track,
To feel that he drew nearer to the land.

V.

All in vain ; though night and day
The good vessel speeds her way
To that happy English home which lies before,
As the hope grows dear and dearer,
He is drawing near and nearer
 To a land that lies between him and that shore.

VI.

See its shadow settling darkly on his soul,
See its mists about his spirit how they roll,
See its dark cliffs looming o'er him,
See its dark seas spread before him,
Hear the bells upon its dim shores how they toll !

VII.

Stay the good ship for a moment on her way,
'Tis not long that they must wait for us who stay ;
 We can spare him from our life
 (Though they wait both child and wife)
Just a moment—he'll be waited for alway.

VIII.

We have time, with all our hurry, e'en to weep
As we give this "our dear brother" to the deep—
May the waves that beat about him,
And the hearts that break without him,
Join their "requiescat in pacé" o'er his sleep!

U N D I N E .

THE low wind whispered to the wave,
Undine !
The stream sent back the sigh it gave ;
The rippling waters pause to lave
The grasses o'er thy gliding grave,
And winds and waters seem to rave,
Undine !

II.

The stars are dim upon that stream,
Undine !
Dim with the tears that quenched their gleam,
Undine !
The sun hath thrown its softest beam,
The nodding lilies droop and dream,
And all things there to weep doth seem,
Undine !

III.

Not thus when you arose in light,
Undine !
The happy stars above were bright,
Undine !

The spirit of that summer night,
In wave and wood, from vale and height,
Poured round thee all its deep delight,
Undine !

IV.

You came from out the gleaming tide,
Undine !
You did not walk—you seemed to glide,
Undine !
At first you smiled, but then you sighed—
You nestled closely to my side—
You were my own, my love, my bride,
Undine !

V.

The happy years went lightly by,
Undine !
The happy summers left the sky,
Undine !
The joy of joy that knew no sigh—
The love of love that could not die—
Such was the love of you and I,
Undine !

VI.

A voice that called you while I slept,
Undine !
And you your lonely vigil kept,
Undine !

A shade that to thy side hath stepped ;
A hand that o'er our joy hath crept ;
You shuddered, and at last you wept,
Undine !

VII.


A hand that beckoned, thin and white,
Undine !
A whispered sound of deep affright,
Undine !
A shrieked farewell !—a last good night !
From out the storm three flashes bright,
And you were gone from out my sight,
Undine !

VIII.

And by that bank I'm sitting now,
Undine !
With heavy hand upon my brow,
Undine !
The skies are bright—the grasses grow ;
The woods are green—the waters flow ;
All things are here—but where art thou,
Undine ?

FREEDOM TO GARIBALDI.

(After the Battle of Mentana.)

“  H! behold where my banner is lying
On the field where thy remnant of slain
Hath gathered around thee in dying
To raise it and wave it again.
Let it lie with the hopes I have cherished,
Since death is not all that remains ;
Let it perish with those that have perished,
Nor wave o'er thy chains.

II.

“ I have sat on the heights while the Ages
Have rolled on their measureless way,
I have waited and watched, for the sages
Had told me the hour and the day ;
Nor wept while my children were weeping ;
My dim eye looked dry on their pains ;
Oh! bitter the tears I was keeping
To pour on thy chains.

III.

“ Had the ball of the foemen but found thee
On the field where thy comrades are laid,
And their dust, as a mantle around thee,
The shroud of my hero had made,
Then death I had loved as you kissed her,
And tears, though I wept, were not pain.
But ah ! how they burn and blister
To fall on thy chain !


IV.

“ For thou wert my latest, my chosen,
My bravest, my purest, my best ;
Whole ages of heroes before thee
Were met in thy hand and thy breast ;
Thy voice as a trumpet was shaking
The temple where tyrants adored,
And the smile of thy Italy waking,
Was as light on thy sword.

V.

“ And still, while thou livest, thy story
Shall be as the light on the hill
That crowns thy Caprera with glory,
And shines for the mariner still—
A hope from the wreck of their slaughters,
When the sun of our freedom hath set,
And a star on the face of the waters,
To lead us to liberty yet.”

ORPHEUS.

HEN Orpheus sung, the winds were hushed,
And bowed the listening trees,
The stones were charmed, the rivers rushed
In murmurs to the seas ;
All nature paused to hear his song,
And trembled into peace.

II.


The birds were mute, and wild things stood
Beside the forest streams ;
Nor sunk the sun, but mellowing glowed
Above a land of dreams,
And flung o'er hill and stream and wood
His still unwavering beams.

III.

The buds their closing leaves re-ope ;
The drop upon the spray
From the dewed leaf suspended hung,
Nor fell to earth till that sweet song
Closed in a breath, and trembling long,
Died echoing away.

DIES VITÆ.

I.

AWN on a silver shore
And beside a glimmering sea,
With the dawn of a hope that was more
Than my tongue could utter to thee,
And a morning light in the love that blushed
From thy young life to me.

II.

Day on a golden shore
And beside a golden sea,
With a passionate strength in the words that bore
My passionate heart to thee,
And a silence that fell with the setting sun
Which was more than words to me.

III.

Eve on a desolate shore
And beside a darkening sea,
With trembling tears to the far off years
Which have gone with thy babe and thee,
With the little hand from the barren strand
Which was all in all to me.

IV.

Night on a silent shore
And beside a silent sea,
With a grief at my heart that was more
Than my heart could bear without thee,
And dim star eyes in those pitying skies
That seem to be weeping with me.

"SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE."

The Duke. "What's her history?"

Viola. "Ah! my Lord, *she never told her love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

—*Twelfth Night.*

I.

HE came at morn to drive the plough,
He left when shadows broad
Closed dimly round the old farm-house
That stood beside the road.
He left, and she nor sighed nor wept;
As droops the weary dove,
She drooped within her darkening room,
And *never told her love.*

II.

He spake a kind and gentle word,
And with such blessed power
Fall dews of night from summer skies
Upon the withered flower.

His brow grew dark—her spirit stilled,
As stills the summer grove
Below the folded thunder-cloud.
She never told her love.

III.

His horse and dogs were precious things
Her heart had learned to prize ;
The flowers he touched, the walks he trod,
Were sacred in her eyes.
One night he kissed her sleeping brow,
And, while he bent above,
In blissful dreams she murmured low,
But *never told her love.*

IV.

She saw him gay amidst the gay,
And she was gayest then ;
She saw him sad—that timid heart
Was bowed in secret pain.
She saw two forms kneel side by side,
And one who prayed above,
And then, with breaking heart, she died,
But *never told her love.*

THE HAPPY DEAD.

(Written in a Hill Graveyard.)

I.

THE happy dead are rested
Where the weeping April pours
In a cup of golden valleys
All her sunshine and her showers;
With the mountains to caress them,
And the tender blue o'erhead
Of the skies that bend to bless them—
Oh! ye happy, happy dead!

II.

Comes a murmur from the valleys
That will mingle with their rest,
Comes the verdure to their Mother Earth
Where she caught them to her breast
Comes in sun and shower and shadow,
All the smiles and tears she laid,
Like the prayers of many blessings
On her happy, happy dead.

III.

Fold them closer, Mother Nature,
Lest a whisper of the strife
From out the years should reach them
Of the tumult of their life ;
Lest the cares which sleep for ever
With every dreamless head
Should vex them in their slumber—
Oh ! ye happy, happy dead !

IV.

Fold them closer—hold them nearer,
Lest they rise to see us weep
From that grand and universal
Brotherhood of sleep ;
From the gulfs of peace and silence,
In the darkness thou hast made
Round thy footsteps in the valley—
Oh ! ye happy, happy dead !

V.

They are joined who were divided ;
They were many—they are one ;
To this shoreless sea of silence
All these babbling streams have run.
From their very dust, united,
Comes the grass in every blade
That waves above their common rest—
Oh ! ye happy, happy dead !

VI.

For the dead is no to-morrow
Which to-day has still to bear,
And the eye can draw no sorrow
From the heart that has no tear.
And love may dwell in silence
Where hate can ne'er invade,
The dust her tears have mingled
With her happy, happy dead.

CAWNPORE.

THE ANGEL OVER THE WELL.

I.

DIVINELY sorrowful—yet divinely just—
In saddest perpetuity of woe ;
Not unforgiving, but with eyes that must
Bend, fixed and tearless, to the dust below.
Fit emblem of a nation's grief art thou
That mourns with deathless memories, but stands
Crowned with the grief that bends her marble brow
In mute petition over praying hands ;
Still mayst thou stand as mutely as divinely there,
Still bowed in grief, and folded as in prayer.

II.

Sat Sorrow weeping at the gates of Death.
“ And these ”—she wept—“ the offerings that I bring
Of lives that chilled beneath thy icy breath,
But felt, oh ! death, thy mercy, not thy sting.

Let the green earth cover them—in mercy fling
Over the dread memories of the grave beneath
One steadfast shadow from thy wandering wing,
To form at once their monument and wreath.
Dear Mother Nature, their eternal rest
Is folded gently on thy verdant breast.

III.

Above that rest the peaceful marble gleams,
About their graves bright flowers and verdure grow,
The golden sunlight throws a veil of beams
O'er emerald banks that slumber in their glow :
And all is bloom above and peace below,
And nature there, with tenderest memory, seems
Her brightest mantle o'er their sleep to throw,
And shed upon their rest her brightest dreams,
As grief, when sorrow runs too dark and deep,
Will smile perforce but that she may not weep.

Humorous Pieces.

ODE TO A PIPE.

TOO long neglected, but at last addressed;
From the soft heavings of a grateful breast
I sing *the Pipe*—to me a dearer theme
Than ever shone upon a Poet's dream,
Than ever truth hath found, or fancy wrought
From all the dainty tissues of fine thought.
And while thy vapours, curling from the bowl,
Rise like my prayers in incense of the soul,
And while my gentlest respirations start
The living fires about thy glowing heart,
With thee this tributary verse I'll blend—
My Pipe, “my guide, philosopher, and friend!”

The world grows dimmer to my smoke-bound view,
Dimmer but dearer, for not half so true;
And in and out my wreathing fancies wind
In pensive convolutions of the mind:

Now here, now there, with thy soft wreaths they take
Each cloudy form and every airy shape,
As through the gloom thy deepening ruby glows.
A kind of glory settles on my nose,
A fitful radiance glimmers o'er my breast,
And half conceals, half glorifies the rest.

In youth we worship at another shrine,
And other lips are dearer far than thine.
But these are gone, for some sweet lips are cold
In their last sleep beneath the silent mould ;
And of others, some are living, that their life
May breathe the scorning bitterness of strife ;
Or, worse than all, sweet lips we still may see,
Which live and smile, but do they smile for thee ?
And just one other pair, my Pipe, you'll never tell ;
Ah ! they can smile, but can't they *pout* as well ?

But thou, my Pipe, art kind and constant still !
Smith tried to smoke thee, but you made him ill ;
And Jones hath puffed thee, but thou showest thy spleen
In inspirations of pure nicotine.
To me alone my pipe is still the same—
Her lips of amber and her soul of flame ;
To me alone her gentle influence lends
All that I hoped for from a hundred friends—


Sweet hours of happiness through years of pain,
Peace to the heart, and quiet to the brain.
And all the gentle influences which steal
Through the dim soul, when thinking, is to feel.

O grant me still to sing the pipe's pure praise,
A flowing pen and happy length of days;
Mountains of crispy Cavendish—a sheaf
Of Wills' Bird's-eye, and of Golden Leaf!
And winds deep-laden from the fragrant trees,
That sigh their odours over distant seas,
Shall bring thee steeped in aromatic brine,
The leaf should fill that grand old bowl of thine.
For thee, where sunniest southern oceans roll,
Was foamed the meerschaum of thy creamy bowl;
And sad sea-maidens 'neath the moon's eclipse
Smiled through the tears that wept thy amber lips.
And still, old friend, through fair or stormy weather,
We'll keep our pledge and still grow old together;
With age we'll mellow, and with time grow ripe.
The best of men have ever loved—a *Pipe*.

THE SONG OF THE INDIAN LOAFER.

(AIR—" *John Brown.*")

I.

 O you pity my estate—well, it comes a little late ;
But better late than never is the saw,
John Bull !
You'll find I can attend to the counsel of a friend,
If I kick against the preaching of a fool,
John Bull !

II.

Last night I came ashore ; I am friendless, I am poor ;
Is poverty or friendlessness a crime,
John Bull ?
I left my ship, you see, bekase, 'twixt you and me,
The Skipper and myself we don't agree,
John Bull !

III.

His mind is greatly bent on a taste for ornament,
And his bracelets they are seldom off our wrists,
John Bull !
And he knocks his orders in with a large belaying pin,
Or a capstan bar, if handy at the time,
John Bull !

IV.

I do not care to go to the "Seaman's Friend" I know,
Their preaching and their howling drives me mad,
John Bull!

Besides, I'm nearly grown—I've a soul I call my own,
And I'm not a little babby to be taught,
John Bull!

V.

My home is in the street: I've a bit of bread and meat;
Heaven knows what I shall do when that is gone,
John Bull!

I gave my flannel vest for a lodging in the "Rest,"
And to-night I'll lay my head upon a stone,
John Bull!

VI.

I was reared near Durham town; my father kept the "Crown,"
And my mother took in washing by the day,
John Bull!

I had little sisters three, but, excepting them and me,
Us four was all the offspring that they had,
John Bull!

VII.

'Twas a lovely Sunday morn, the flower was on the thorn,
And the village bells were chiming from the church,
John Bull!

When a man came to the door, I had never seen before,
With a model of a schooner in his hand,
John Bull!

VIII.

He had a wooden leg, which he called his "little peg,"

And his voice was very husky as he spoke,

John Bull !

He smelt so strong of gin, I thought it might have been

That his member was a brandy cask as well,

John Bull !

IX.

He had come from o'er the sea, to his own countree ;

He had seen the mighty wonders of the deep,

John Bull !

Where the wintry glories roll, round the icebergs at the pole,

And the tropic seas that heave as if in sleep,

John Bull !

X.

He had seen the great sea-snake, and followed in its wake,

And the mermaids floating by him one by one,

John Bull !

And the water spouts that rise from the ocean to the skies,

And the coral islands basking in the sun,

John Bull !

XI.

I swallowed all I heard—I drank in every word—

I gloated o'er the picture with delight,

John Bull ;

I gave him two pound two ; he told me what to do,

And I joined the "Betty Martin" the same night,

John Bull !

XII.

Some twenty years flew o'er, I was weary and footsore,
When I stood before that little gate again,

John Bull!

My heart was beating fast; "home—home once more, at last,"
I was crying in the fulness of my heart,

John Bull!

XIII.

'Twas a lovely Sunday morn, the flower was on the thorn,
And the village bells were chiming as of yore,

John Bull!

But the flowers I left behind, were chilled in a keen wind,
And the music of that home was now no more,

John Bull!

XIV.

They told me when they died, how they rested side by side
In the little village graveyard cold and lone,

John Bull!

And my little sisters three, whom I dandled on my knee,
Were married and had children of their own,

John Bull!

XV.

I've told a simple tale: will you take my word as bail,
I robbed a gent last night on the Mydaun,

John Bull!

I was starving at the time, but that's no plea for crime,
And the cell is better quarters than the street,

John Bull!

ONE HAPPY DAY.

I.

HE came from lands of sun and palm,
Ten thousand miles away,
To where Killiney's circling hills
Are mirrored in her bay ;
He came, whose wandering foot for years
Had scarcely ceased to roam
O'er land and sea, to spend with thee
One happy day at home.

II.

The skies were bright—the grass was green,
The opening summer smiled
Amidst those scenes of childhood
Where he was again a child ;
And heaving gently as in rest,
There spread the glittering bay,
To take the wanderer to its breast
Upon that happy day.

III.

We sat upon the green hill side,
And 'midst its waving heather,
We sang old songs, we told old tales,
We laughed and sighed together ;
A summer day for summer minds,
Our spirits seemed to play
Like those sweet, wild, and mountain winds,
Upon that happy day.

IV.

And then we sought the silver shore,
We rowed into the bay,
And listened to an old man's tales
To while the hours away—
Sad tales of all the griefs and ills
That follow those who roam—
And, sadly pleased, we smiled to hear,
For were we not at home ?

V.

And when the evening shadows fell,
And when the sun went down,
With many a last and lingering look
We journeyed to the town ;
But in our spirits lingered yet
One bright, one parting ray
Of that bright sun which just had set
Upon our happy day.

VI.

'Tis mine, alas ! again to roam,
 'Tis mine again to see
Dear friends in my far Indian home,
 But not like these or thee ;
And still where'er I go, be sure
 'Twill never fade away,
The recollection, sweet and pure,
 Of that one happy day.

'67 AND '68.

I.

THE year is gone, and though it go
With all the good and ill it brought us,
A moment ponder, deep and slow,
The lesson which the year hath taught us.
The seasons rolling under Heaven
May change to other names and date,
But much as we were in Sixty-Seven
We shall be in Sixty-Eight.

II.

For men will work and women weep,
And many work and weep together,
And this will be like other years,
A year of most "unusual weather."
And some will think we're nearer Heaven,
And some we're nearer t'other state,
And much as we thought in Sixty-Seven
We shall think in Sixty-Eight.

III.

The spirit of the times, unchanged,
 Will rule us through a different letter,
And newer laws by older men
 Will scarcely make the Empire better.
A people by their rulers driven*
 To famine's pale and shuddering fate,
Was the awful blunder of Sixty-Seven—
 What will be that of Sixty-Eight?

IV.

We saw an ancient empire stand
 Amidst the nations crowned, defiant,
Till battle's lightning smote the hand
 She raised against a brother giant:
Her towns destroyed—her armies driven
 Beneath her closed and trembling gate;
And where she stood in Sixty-Seven
 She will not stand in Sixty-Eight.†

V.

We saw the chains that Venice wore
 In one wild moment rent asunder,
We saw the yoke the Romans bore
 Pressed harder on the millions under.
We saw a moment raised to Heaven
 The banner of a nation's fate;‡
But the hands that raised it in Sixty-Seven
 Are cold and stiff in Sixty-Eight.

* Orissa Famine. † Battle of Sadowa. ‡ The Battle of Mentana.

VI.


My wife doth sigh, my son doth weep ;
I hear the wailing of my daughter ;
“And love,” they say, “will nothing keep—
“The law of life is writ in water.”
And if our souls ascend to Heaven,
Ah ! soon, too soon you'll change your state ;
And as you loved us in Sixty-Seven
You will not love in Sixty-Eight.

VII.

O wife of mine, what words are these ?
For though the end draw near and nearer,
Can thou or thine, though all things cease,
Be aught to me but dear and dearer ?
And trust me, love, that under heaven
There's nought can change our mutual fate ;
I bought you a chignon in Sixty-Seven,
It must last to the end of Sixty-Eight.

“I’VE SMOKED MY LAST CIGAR.”

I.

UT now I thought, but even now,
Thy glow illumed my face ;
The last of all thy kind wert thou
That lingered in the case.
Thy soul of light, thy vapours bright,
But dust and ashes are ;
Farewell ! old friend—a last good night !
I’ve smoked my last cigar.

II.

The last and best—for ah ! methought
Thy brothers of the leaf
Came back to lengthen out that life
That still was all too brief.
Slow was the puff and sad the breast
That did thy radiance mar,
And sigh thee to thy gentle rest—
I’ve smoked my last cigar.

III.

No stump remains, for as thy end
Came nearer to my nose,
I smoked thee through a friendly quill
To soothe thy dying throes.
Strong was the *peg*, and long the swig,
The strongest, longest far,
That wet my dry-souled grief for thee :
I've smoked my last cigar.

IV.

'Tis all no use—I tried to read,
But vacancy of mind
Comes o'er a man, do what he can,
When not a weed's behind.
I'll go to bed—the day is dead :
'Tis better, wiser far
To lose in sleep the thoughts that weep
For thee, my last cigar.

Parodies.

A LITERARY FORGERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "INDIAN DAILY NEWS."

Dear Sir,—I am aware of the rule which excludes all metrical effusions from your columns, and also how strictly that rule has been enforced by you. I send you the enclosed, however, not as a poem, but as a simple curiosity of literature, connected with a most important literary discovery of my own. You are aware, Sir, that a certain Thomas Moore, a poet of the last generation, has been convicted, through the researches of Father Prout, of the most barefaced plagiaries, in connection with those lyrical compositions known to the world as the Irish Melodies, that the originals of *Norah Creina*, *The Minstrel Boy*, *The Last Rose of Summer*, &c., &c., were found by Father Prout in Latin MSS. in the Vatican Library. This was bad enough; but Mr. Moore, as I am now in a position to testify, has not stopped here. The Poem or Romance of *Lalla Rookh* is professedly an original English composition, founded upon some fictitious incidents of Oriental tradition. What will the public say when they learn that this production is a barefaced plagiarism from an Oordoo original, slightly altered to suit the taste of English readers, and the requirements of English metre. I subjoin a literal translation of one of the poems in the Oordoo version, which Mr. Moore has taken as the groundwork of the *Paradise and the Peri*. In the interests of truth and literature I trust you will insert it.



NE morn a placeman at the gate
Of office sat disconsolate ;
And as he watched the forms within,
Through the half-open portal glowing,
And caught the chinking of the tin,
To blest official pockets flowing,

And heard that pleasant murmuring
From desks where there is nothing doing,
He wept to think his luckless race
Should e'er have lost the joys of place.

"Poor race of fools," said the pitying placeman,
"Dearly you pay for the Haileybury fall;
Some loaves and fishes you still inherit,
But the trail of the Wallah is over them all."

The glorious Wallah who was keeping
The office books, beheld him weeping;
And as he nearer drew and bowed,
The pitying Wallah spoke aloud:
"Durwaza kholo, our sahib bhitar ane do."
The ready durwan heard and ran;
There is a magic in each word
Such kindly Wallahs give a man.

"Placeman," he said, "one chance is thine
To win a place in our glorious line;
My orders are—'The man who can find
'Midst the sons of men the most credulous mind,
The biggest dolt, and deplorable fool,
Who believes in the humbug of Government rule,
Or the greatest Government job of its kind,
To him shall a place in our ranks be assigned.'
Go, go the glorious guerdon win
'Tis sweet to let a toady in."

.

" Oh, I know where the biggest jobs are made
By the sharps and gulls of the city trade ;
'Midst jobs that never can fade or fall,
Bright are the jobs in the Assam way :
And the slippery dodgers that thitherward stray.
But oh ! it is only a Wallah can say
How a Government job outshines them all.
Where'er I turn or wend my way,
From the gulls of Bengal to the gulls of Bombay,
Where jobbery spreads its d——e thrall :
Take all the jobs of all the spheres,
The jobs of the Commons, the jobs of the Peers,
And multiply all for endless years,
One Indian job is worth them all."

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Downward the placeman turned his gaze,
Where, by a candle's feeble rays,
Sat a weary scribbler sighing ;
He had bound around his throbbing head
A pad well-soaked in "superfine red,"
And tied the whole with crimson thread
From the bundles by him lying.
Twice he essayed, but the effort was vain,
To write in the dull official strain—
" With reference, Sir, permit me again ;"
But the fever that wrought within his brain
Sent his scattered thoughts all flying.

"Live," said his master, "live to say
You did the work while I grabbed the pay
In the true official orthodox way,
And leave this silly crying."
The scribbler heard, by way of reply,
He feebly pips an inoptical "i,"
And crossed a "t," though he can't tell "y,"
Then heavily drooped his aching head
On the comfortless desk, and he was dead.

The placemen watched his spirit's flight,
And groping his way to the desk by night,
Greedy seized and bore away
A sheet from desk, where the paper lay
With the last faint stroke of the trembling quill
Ere the hand of the writer was stiff and still.
"Be this" (he cried, as at frantic pace
He legged and bolted for Government place)
"My welcome boon for the Wallah's grace;
For oh, if there be in this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering office hold dear,
"Tis the last poor effort that cruelty draws
From the men who are killed in the name of the laws."
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But the Wallah grinned. "Alas!" said he,
"Far richer and sweeter the boon must be
That opes the office gates to thee."
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And now the placeman has ta'en his stand
On the soil of that far Indian land,
The breath of whose gales is a mixture sweet
Of rotten *chinghrees* and putrid meat,
And the scent of whose streams—as they sweetly flow
O'er the calcined ashes of dead Hindoo—
Are rich with alluvial ore ;
And odours are flung o'er the rolling tide
From those sources of fragrance, a man's inside ;
And the limpid waters are ruddily dyed
With tints of human gore.

He paused in his flight, and rested where
The " City of Palaces " flourishes fair
By Hooghly's pleasant waters ;
But the placeman found that the palaces there
Were all in the strangest disrepair,
And the waters are pleasant, because they clear
The mud and filth which religiously smear
Sweet Asia's pleasant daughters.

He entered a portal, and sat him down
In a lonely corner to weep alone,
For his weary search was o'er ;
And while he sorrowed and drooped in mind
O'er the gift he was destined never to find,
He heard a footstep, and looking behind,
A man came in at the door.

Came in at the door, and sat him down
In another corner remote, alone ;
And while he grovelled and sat,
The placeman thought he had never seen
A leer so cunning, an eye so mean,
A phiz so cadaverous, long and lean,
So greenly yellow and yellowy green,
Or half such a ruffian as that.

.

With restless hand and a greedy eye
He counted the annas, heaped up the pie,
Rolled out his notes, and, "devilish sly,"
Scribbles his name on the backs.
And chuckling low, with a devilish glee,
He laughed "ha ! ha," and he laughed "he ! he,"
As he gloated over his lacs.
But the placeman grinned ; "you have laughed too
soon,"
For a face, like the glorious rising moon,
Peeped in on him then with an ominous frown,
And down he went in a deadly swoon.
'Twas Mackenzie's (the horror and dread of the town,
And collector of income tax).

The vision passed, but conscience came
And wrapped his heart in a penitent flame ;

He trembled, and, sore afraid,
He taketh a pen and wrote with a sigh
“500 and ten, some annas and pie,
On account of that d——ble tax which I have
wrongly left unpaid.”

To mortal ears the thing might seem
A topseymach or chinghree scream ;
But well the enraptured placeman knew
’Twas a yell the joyous Wallah threw
That told of bliss at hand.

“Joy, joy for ever ! Now they must own
I have found the biggest fool that’s known
Through the length of this glorious land.

Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done,
The gate is passed and office is won.

These are no mortal things

That yell is sent for my mind’s relief,
And see where he stands to end my grief,

Waving the rotten old handkerchief
That floats o’er our hall of kings.”

THE SONG OF THE PEN.

(After the "*Song of the Shirt*" (a long way.)

I.

WITH a bottle of brandy beside him, and a towel
round his head,

Sat a pale-faced man by a kerosene lamp,
When he ought to have been in bed.

He raised his hand to his throbbing brow,
And laid it down again,

And then, in a low and crooning voice,
He sang the *Song of the Pen*.

II.

Write—write—write !—till your fingers glue to the quill,
And your blood and the ink seem to mix on the page,
That is all unwritten still.

And oh ! to be a slave in the stifling Indian night,
Where a man has never a soul to save,
But write—write—write !

III.

Write—write—write ! till you fall asleep in your chair,
And dream of the home that once was yours,
And the friends that love you there.
Stream, and meadow, and vale—
Valley and meadow and stream,
Till the tear as it falls on the blotted page,
Is the ink that writes your dream.

IV.

Oh ! men who read with a sneer on your lip,
And laugh at the writer's pains,
It is not the pens you are wearing out,
But human creatures' brains ;
It is not the paper you throw aside—
A bit of rag—but behind,
Behind the pen is the bread of the men
Who live by the sweat of the mind.

V.

The bottle of brandy is empty,
The towel has dropped from his head ;
Does he sleep, as he lies so quiet and still,
The dreamless sleep of the dead ?
But sleeping, or dead, what reck's it to him,
However the world may roll ?
The Devil will come for the proof again,
If he does not come for his soul !

LUCY ANNE JEMIMA GRUBB.

I.

LUCY Anne Jemima Grubb,
Of me you cannot win renown,
You thought to break my country heart,
Because you had a house in town.
On me you smiled, but I was riled
To find you had another dear ;
I could not wed a jilt like you
For twice two hundred pounds a year.

II.

Lucy Anne Jemima Grubb,
Your wealth perchance is more than mine ;
The only child of "Grubb and Grubb"
Is something in the marriage line.
But there are things besides a shop
A wife may have to make her dear,
A loving heart and two bright eyes
Are worth two hundred pounds a year.

III.

Lucy Anne Jemima Grubb,
There stands a hat peg in your hall,
And on that peg there hung a hat,
Not mine at least, 'twas much too small.
You held your course without remorse,
Till I became a spoony flat,
And then you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew me with a beaver hat.

IV.

Lucy Anne Jemima Grubb,
That hat has met my mother's view ;
She is a vixen of her kind,
And spoke some certain truths of you :
Indeed, I heard one little word
That almost sounded like a snub ;
Her manners have not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Grubb de Grubb.

V.

I know you, Anne Jemima Grubb,
You pine with all your " dips and mould ;"
The breeze that sweeps through those proud halls
Is very apt to give you cold.
Oh ! sell that silly yellow coach,
And give that saucy maid a rub ;
Pray Heaven for a woman's heart,
Or else you'll live and die a Grubb.

THE TWO VOICES.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

I.



LOVE, could this sweet bliss endure?
Could we spend all our days
In this green bower, at this soft hour,
Beneath yon moon's bright rays?
The dewy shade our only bed,
These twinkling stars above
Our only light, our sole delight
To live and dream and love?

II.

The moon, the moon, the silver moon
That reigneth in the sky,
I often think—you'll say 'tis strange—
That it is very high.
And those bright stars, those gemmy orbs
That shine with twinkling ray,
I sometimes think, I can't tell why,
They're very far away.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

I.

The "stars of night" your only light
Perhaps—all I can say,
That fact don't make the gas bills less
Which I have got to pay.
The "shady bower," and "dewy hour,"
By all means if you please;
But where's the husband likes to sleep
By one eternal sneeze?


II.

To dream on love—to live on air,
Yes, bless us, that's too good!
For, dearest, you can take your share
Of more substantial food.
The "dewy shade" your only bed
Perhaps—but this is flat;
You won't want me tuck you in
In such a bed as that!

ODES ON THE BIRTH OF A SON TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

BY FATHER PROUT.

I.

HURE my heart grew lighter,
And the skies grew brighter,
And the golden wavelets of the river ran,
Flowed on the sweeter,
As if to greet her,
When the joyous jangle of the bells began.
They told the nation,
With proclamation,
Making merry music in the morning air,
“’Tis quite transparent,
That the Heir Apparent
Is now a parent to an apparent heir.”

II.

Yer sowl to glory !
Be ye Whig or Tory,
Faynian, Papist, or bould Puseyite,
Do you count your beads,
Or cross your creeds ?
For a fancy doctrine is the fashion quite.
Do you sit on benches,
Above the stench
That rise like incense round the Parliament ?
Be one to-day, boys,
Forget to pray, boys,
And send your welcome to the firmament !

III.

Full many a morn
Are children born ;
'Twould take ould Paycock or Justice Phear
To make disciveries
Of all deliveries
That London sees in a single year.
But you'll tell me, may be,
If a royal baby
Is a thing that happens every day,
Though bedad I'm thinking,
That's why yer winking,

That the pretty music will be kept in play ;
If the bells must vibrate
At such a high rate,
'Twill turn the ringers to an iron grey.

MR. MATHEW ARNOLD.

I.

Rise happy morn, and happiest day begin,
Rise on the whitening cliffs and glimmering sea,
Blow gentle breezes, blow the good ship in,
Bring home our pride, our Queen that is to be !

II.

Rejoice ye millions ! arch and banner raise !
Proclaim the tidings, wake both trump and drum !
Salute their progress, Prince and Princess greet,
And tell the nation that " they come, they come !"

III.

And let us pray. Oh ! may their lives be blest,
As some bright stream by gentlest breezes fanned,
That moves in brightest sunshine to the last,
'Neath summer skies and through a favored land ;

IV.

That spreads in light and beauty as it grows,
And still reflects the bright unchanging day,
And keeps, through flowers and sunshine, as it flows,
The silver tenor of its liquid way.

V.

For this we pray, and, Father, hear our prayer
Uplift, O ! nation, a whole people's voice,
And send thy blessing on the royal pair,
To bless the people in the Prince's choice !

MR. TENNYSON.

I.

I wake from short and troubled sleep,
The day has just begun to break,
A glimmer steals across the lake,
And round my lattice slowly creep.

II.

The advancing beams, and far aloof
I hear the shrilly sounds of morn,
Twittering woods, a blowing horn,
The cock that crows upon the roof.

III.

And softly, down the creaking stair,
And o'er the shadowy gleaming floor,
I raise the latch, and open the door,
And pass into the morning air.

IV.

O'er echoing flags that misty gleam,
With steps that wake sad echoing falls,
Through silent streets, by lonely walls,
That whiten in the early beam.

.

V.

'Tis writ of them that die in faith,
"They sleep not as the Heathens sleep;"
The sleep of death is dark and deep,
And this they sleep, is sleep, not death.

VI.

O! thou, cut off by sudden doom,
The mourner's tears, that will not cease,
Are wept o'er thy eternal peace,
And keep thy memory from the tomb.

VII.

But he, the other, after son,
Will turn to smiles the widow's sighs,
And baby hands will dry the eyes
That still must weep when all are gone.

VIII.

Till grief before the tear shall start,
Will smile to kiss the princely boy,
The mother of the living joy,
That breaks the clouds about thy heart.

MR. MARTIN TUPPER.

I would sing in the verse that I love, of the theme that I love
to distraction,
The joys of the great, and the blessings that wait on imperial
persons.
Hail! hail! to my patron, the Prince, and hail to the beautiful
Princess!
Who knows how to honor the Poet, by reading the works of her
Tupper.
For am I not first of the bards who ever have sat on Parnassus?
My song is heard from the hill to an almost incredible distance,
Far away in the islands that lie on the breast of the mighty Pacific.
The Fejee recites them, in wonder, in the language of nations
barbaric;
And under the palm of the East and by the great stream of the
Ganges,
The Hindoo, by moonlight, is heard to warble my soft
incantations.
All honor to Albert the Prince, and honor to Tupper the Poet!
I'll sing when the cobwebs are cleared, of the star that has
risen above us,
Since Albert the Prince and the Heir was made into Albert the
Father.
I saw him myself, and the eyes have beheld the young hope of
the nation—
Chubby, and fat, and round, and not a bit like his father,
Except in the eyes which sent forth the same intelligent flashes,

And in the tip of the nose which pointed as proudly to heaven.
Joy, and for ever joy! Get drunk, if you wish to be loyal,
And spend all the cash that you have in one most gigantic
endeavour
To purchase, and keep for your children, the works of your
servant—the poet.

MR. LONGFELLOW.

I stood on the bridge at daybreak,
When the bells their anthem played,
And oh! that my tongue could utter
The infernal row they made!
For the sound of their iron vibrations
Rose, suddenly, from the tower,
Breaking the thoughts within me,
And the silence of the hour.
And still, as the peals went roaring
To the startled firmament,
The human tides came pouring
To know what the devil it meant,
Till the clang from every steeple
Put Benjamin out of joint,
And the purlieus of the people
Came pouring to a point.

And how often, ah! how often,
Have I wished that the human tide
Would leave me away to the City Buss,
And the seat I want inside ;
For my face was hot and puffy,
And my heart was full of care,
And the kicks that I got in the scuffle
Were more than I could bear.
But now they have fallen from me,
They are gone like the ebbing sea,
And only the watch they have taken
Casts its shadow over me.
But as often, ah ! as often,
As I pass the bridge since then,
I shut my ear in a sudden fear,
And bolt for the nearest train ;
For the bells with their music above me,
And the watch that I lost in the Strand,
Are an image of British Princes,
And what they do for the land.

POET CLOSE.

“There aint no use in it now, just put a stop on yer clapper ;
They fooled me once, and they aint a going to do it agin.
I tell you as flat as nail, if yer want e’er a song, my snapper,
Ye’ll name yer price to the wife, and pay the money in.

A song for the little Prince! yer up to yer larks I'm thinking ;
I aint a doctor, so go your ways, don't come a fooling of me,
I never can sing when I'm dry, Apotle was always drinking,
And they say, but I don't believe them, I strongly resemble he.
Well, anyhow, here's for a stave : " When Britannia rose from
the waters,"

[Drink fair and be blowed, I can sing with an open eye] [ters"
" The fishes sat on their tails, and the mermaid's beautiful daugh-
[Just give us another pull, it's myself that's mighty dry]

"They gathered around her in rings, and, says she, ' My young
files of the ocean,

I'm going for to make a country, all after my own idee.'

And with that she clapped her hands, and then, with a strange
commotion,

Britain, our own little island, arose from out of the sea,

All as you see it now, with streams, and valleys, and mountains,

The babe of freedom asleep on her mother's heaving breast,

Rocked in her cradle of cliffs, and lulled in the fall of her fountains

By the music that beats from the ocean around her infant rest.

Then, hail to the Isle of the Waters ! and hail to the happy ascension

Of the star that appears in the East of our little island's glory !

May he live to honor his name, and double the poet's pension—

The hopes of the Radical cause, and the enemy of the Tory !"

BILLY MOLLOY.

(AIR—" *Widow Malone.*"

I.

YOU all heard of Billy Molloy
Who lived in the town of Rathmoy,
He had a gray eye, so droll and so sly;
Och murther, but he was the boy—oh! my,
This charming young Billy Molloy.

II.

Now this very same Billy Molloy
Fell in love with a widdy, for why?
Such a foot, (oh! the baste!)
Such a nate little waist,
'Twas all up with Billy Molly, my eye,
'Twas all up with Billy Molloy.

III.

“Och widdy, my darling,” says he,
“There’s a fly on your eyelids, machree;”
And by that, and by this,
He gave her a kiss.
Such a scamp was young Billy Molloy, Oh! fie,
Such a scamp was young Billy Molloy, Oh! fie.

IV.

“And widdy,” says he, “’pon my sowl
It’s yerself that looks bad in a cowl.
Take the cap off your head—take a husband instead,
’Twill suit you much better, machree,” says he,
“’Twill suit you much better,” says he.

V.

Then she smiled on him sweetly. “For what
’Tis aisy to loosen a knot,
I don’t mind in the least;
But yourself and the priest
Must tie again, machree,” says she,
“Must tie again, my Molloy!”

THE SOWAR.

"I followed the Sowar."—*Trial of Liakat Ali*
(*Mrs. Amy Bennett's evidence passim*).

I.



CH, my counthryman Burke, by the sowl of the Turk,
It's you should be now to the fore ;
And Chesterfield too, and all that owld crew
That wept o'er the ages of yore.
Ye thought, and ye said, that the owld days were dead
When chivalry blazed over war,
Ye'd have altered your tune, I ween, pretty soon
If ye'd read of our gallant Sowar.

"A Sowar" did you say, a Sowar ?

Oh ! the divil a lie a Sowar,

As black as your hat, but by this and by that,

A broth of a boy a Sowar.

II.

Shure 'twas there at Cawnpore, when the thieves on the shore
Were blazing away at the boats,
And the broad stream ran red with the blood which was shed
In the cutting of innocent throats.

Then he rode through the wave
A damsel to save,
Who was clinging, half dead, to a spar,
And took her cowl'd hand and brought her to land—
A gallant and gintle Sowar.

“A Sowar” did you say, a Sowar.
Oh ! as sure as you're there a Sowar,
As black as your hat, but by this and by that,
A “regular brick” a Sowar.

III.

Then he gave her some clothes to soften her woes,
(It's well to be dacint and bowld),
And victuals galore he brought to her door,
And something to keep out the cowl'd.
And when he must go in the track of the foe,
To follow the fortunes of war,
“Colleen gra machree,” he said, “come with me,
And I'll be your own faithful Sowar.”

“A Sowar” did you say, a Sowar ?
Oh ! the divil a lie a Sowar,
As black as your hat, but by this and by that,
A broth of a boy a Sowar.

IV.

Away then she went from the nate little tent
That saved her from death and disgrace ;
“She rodè like a man,” let him laugh then who can,
I'd ride like a frog in her place.

She kept in the reare—I'd prefer to be there
When the divil's in front, och by far!
I'd give a wide berth to all blacks upon earth
If you gave me one faithful Sowar.

“A Sowar” did you say, a Sowar?
Oh! as sure as you're there a Sowar,
As black as your hat, but by this and by that,
A “regular brick” a Sowar.

(AFTER MR. LONGFELLOW.)

THIS is the meadow primeval, remote from the hum of the
city,

And filled with the quiet of time, so soothingly peaceful
and rural;

This is the meadow primeval, and sweet is the flow of the river,
And pleasant the caw of the rooks in the wind-shaken tops of
the elms.

I stood in the buzz of a crowd—'twas morning and near to the
sun rise—

I stood while the heroes peeled off, and stripped for the trial of
battle,

And looked at each other askance, and swigged a strong drop
from the bottle.

Now here let me stand, and inspired by the scene of this battle
terrific,

Essay and recall what I saw, in the words of a faithful recorder;
And wreath in my verses entwined, the deeds of those heroes
tremendous,

Great Thomas, the son of renown, and Heenan, the fearless, his
rival.

At last they have come to the scratch, and now as they stand in
position,

The murmur and buzz died away, and the silence was deep and
unbroken,

And a pin in the stillness fell down with the bang of an auctioneer's hammer!

Then Heenan was pale and resolved, as he brought his strong hand to a level,

And then, like the flash of a gun, let in with his right on the sneezer.
'Twas guarded and caught, but the guard was weak, and the blow, undiminished,

Went home with a terrible smash, and levelled poor Tommy instant.

Up, up with the shout for your man! but stay, 'tis too soon to be crowing;

They're at it again, and behold! do my eyes and my senses befool me?

For Heenan reels back from the scratch, half-stunned by a click on the smeller.

The battle goes briskly; the blows are quick in exchange, and unceasing;

The claret flows freely; and lo! they stagger and rally by turns.
Now Tommy is down in a close, and Heenan is grassed in a tussel,
And fortune, unable to judge, decides (in a whisper) for neither.
Then John, in a fervent essay to finish Great Tommy instant,
Let in with his terrible left, but slipped and fell helplessly over,
And falling received such a kick as filled him with painful reflections.

Then the populace broke through the ropes and scattered the stakes on the meadow,

And away in a scramble we went to catch the "express" for the city.

THE FINE OLD INDIAN GENTLEMAN.

I.

I'LL sing you a fine old song—from a fine old Indian pate—
Of a fine old Indian gentleman, of a fine old Indian date ;
A fine old song, of a fine old man, in fine old English rhyme,
With a fine old flavor like the taste of fine old Rhenish wine—
This fine old Indian gentleman, one of the olden time.

II.

He kept a house in Chowringhee in the grand old Indian style,
With cocoa-nut for matting, and with bamboo tree for tile ;
And he took his two and thirty “pegs” to keep his old heart prime,
With the glow of many a mellow night his fine old nose did
shine—

The fine old Indian gentleman, one of the olden time.

III.

He did his work for Government in the grand old Indian way,
That is, he never yet forgot the day to draw his pay ;
And to take his tiffin on the bench he thought it was no crime,
It cleared his head, it warmed his heart, and made his judgment fine—

This fine old Indian gentleman, one of the olden time.

IV.

In all brave sports of flood or field this brave old man was skilled ;

His hall was hung with tigers' heads the old shikar had killed :
For this was in the grand old days—the good, the golden prime,
Ere good old British strength and pluck as yet was in decline—

Of the fine old Indian gentleman, one of the olden time.

V.

He loved his glass, he loved his friends, he loved the kind and true,

And all large loving hearts and kind they loved the old man too.

He knew that honest men were found of every hue and clime,
That kindness makes men kind, and that a cold heart is a crime—

The fine old Indian gentleman, one of the olden time.

VI.

No wife's bright face e're cheered his board, no babe's endearing wile,

Made sunshine round his lonely hearth or won this old man's smile.

Round one low grave, with far off years, in a dear and distant clime,

With tears that kept the memory green of that happy, hallowed time—

Was the heart of this poor gentleman of the fine old Indian time.

VII.

When life was young, when hope was fresh, when joy was at
spring tide,

She withered gently in his arms, and on his breast she died.

He kept that little lock of hair, though tears had dimmed its shine,
And to the beating of his heart it kept a gentle time—

This fine old Indian gentleman, one of the olden time.

VIII.

And when the news went o'er the seas that he was dead and gone,
There were tears from eyes that wept the friend of many a
friendless one ; [sublime

The widow's tear, the orphan's sigh, made the peaceful death
Of a man who sinned—we all must sin—but whose sins were
never crime.

This fine old Indian gentleman, one of the olden time.

IX.

And now beneath an Indian soil his English bones are laid,
And 'neath the spreading palm-tree his lowly grave is made ;
But his spirit haunts his far off home in that dear old English clime,
Where his memory lives in many a heart that bless the fine old line
Of the real old Indian gentlemen, men of the olden time

X.

They are not dead, the Poet sings, who leave good names behind,
Nor shall the seed that God has sown be scattered to the wind ;
And we shall pray, that from their clay we aye renew the prime
Of men who kept their English hearts untainted by the clime
Of the fine old Indian gentlemen, men of the olden time.

HURRAH FOR ABYSSINIA!

AIR—" *John Brown's Body.*"

The following verses to a popular American air were written in Bombay during the preparation for the Abyssinian Expedition, and had the honor (so I have been informed by a number of officers and gentlemen who took part in the Expedition) of becoming in some sort the war song of the army in its march to Magdala.

I.

'TIS our Queen that sends the message to her people o'er
the sea—

"While the fetters bind a freeman, there are chains on you
and me ;

But you'll live to make them happy, or you'll die to make them free,
In the land you're marching on."

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah for Abyssinia !

Hurrah, hurrah for Abyssinia !

Hurrah, hurrah for Abyssinia !

The land we're marching on.

II.

We gave them words of kindness, but they gave us slight and wrong ;
We have waited—we have parleyed—let us never wait too long ;
We have shown we can be gentle—let us prove we can be strong,
To the land we're marching on.

Chorus.

III.

A thousand ships are waiting, boys, to climb the willing wave :
Ten thousand hearts are beating, boys, to liberate the slave ;
You'll plant the British Standard, or you'll dig a Briton's grave,
In the land you're marching on.

Chorus.

IV.

Shall they tell it to our children, in the ages yet to come,
That a Briton cried for succour and his country's voice was
dumb ?
No, never be our war-cry " We are coming," till we come
To the land we're marching on.

Chorus.

V.

Then fill a parting bumper till the goblet overflows.
Here's to England—Mother England—where the star of freedom
rose !
Here's freedom to our brothers !—here's confusion to our foes !
And the land we're marching on !

Chorus.

A MOFUSSIL BALLAD.

(*After the "May Queen."*)

I.

IF you're waking, call me early--call me early, there's a brick:
I want a spear, I'll send to Tom and ask him for his stick.
The boys will start at four, Bob, the pigs are far away,
And I'm to ride the Black, Bob, and you're to ride the Grey.

II.

There's the amlah—d—n the scoundrel—with a mass of stuff to
sign ;
Here's a wiggling from the Joint, Bob, and a chit from Caroline.
Poor Jones is gone at last, Bob—well, such is life they say ;
But I'm to ride the Black, Bob, and you're to ride the Grey.

III.

Last night I saw young Edith, she was very proud and cold ;
The Judge's a better match, Bob, she'll take him for his gold ;
And I must live to see her his, but be the thought away.
How is it, Bob, which horse is yours—Black Bessy or the Grey ?

IV.

Here's a letter from my mother, and bless the good old soul!
Here's a cheque for £50 too ; but, Bob, I owe the whole.
She hopes "my health is good," Bob, she hopes "I sometimes pray."
Oh ! d—n it, can't you name your horse—say Bessy or the Grey ?

(A YEAR AFTER.)

I.

You can wake and call me early—and hear me, dear old friend,
No care will save me now, Bob, 'tis drawing near the end :
The "cord will soon be loosened," the fitful struggle cease,
And the troubled waves of one poor life be hushed in perfect
peace.

II.

And leave the window open, when the weary night is past,
I yearn for the morn and the sun that comes at last ;
I love to watch its dying gleam, its fitful trembling strife,
Like the passing of a spirit or the ebbing of a life.

III.

So the Judge has called to see me ? Was Edith with him then ?
Does she ever think, as the Judge's wife, of what she might have
been ?
Of our vows and tears and pledges—of the heaven which I knew
In the love with which I loved her, and the thought that she
was true ?

IV.

And yet I cannot curse her ; I cannot disentwine
These dying thoughts from that dear life, which once was linked
with mine.
I've kept this little lock of hair ; 'tis not so black as thine,
For tears have spoiled its raven hue and dimm'd its glossy shine.

V.

But take it, Bob, when I am dead, when the long grasses wave,
When the willow weeps its leaves above my lonely Indian grave :
Oh, lay it there, 'twill soothe my rest in my last narrow bed
Within the shell, on my stilled heart, or by my dreamless head.

VI.

And the horses : sell the Cabul, he is sound in wind and limb ;
He'll fetch at least two hundred—I gave that sum of him.
Send the filly to my brother ; the Judge has bought the Bay :
Give Bessy to the Joint, Bob ; and you can have the Grey.

Translations.

HORACE.

WHEN I alone could Lydia please,
And no more welcome arms than these
Around thy snowy neck could twine,
What monarch's lot more blest than mine?

LYDIA.

When thou no other passion fed
Ere Chloè reigned in Lydia's stead,
How blest was I, the Roman dame,
Great Ilia owned no prouder fame!

HORACE.

Now me the Cretan Chloè sways,
In music skilled and winning ways :
For her I'd die ; let fate me take,
And welcome death for Chloè's sake.

LYDIA.

And I in Callais' love doth joy,
Ornithus's son, my Thurian boy,
For whom, if fate protect him, I
A double death would gladly die.

HORACE.

Say, Lydia, should we feel the power
Of our dead love return once more,
And free from golden Chloë's chain,
I ope this heart to thee again.

LYDIA.

Though bright as some fair star is he,
And rougher thou than Adrian sea,
More light than cork, yet, Horace, I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

(Translation.)

The towering column may salute the sky ;
The sculptured marble may enchant the eye
With strength enduring, and defiant power,
May brave the tempest, and the wintry shower,
And time resisting, till the world shall fall,
May stand unconquered, and outlasting all.
A greater monument I raise to fame—
A poet's genius, and a poet's name.

HORACE TO PYHRRA.

AMID the roses in pleasant shade,
What youth is he
Who, Pyrrha, steeped in odours sweet
Caresses thee?

For him you bind your golden hair
So neatly plain.

Alas! how he shall mourn thee lost,
And mourn in vain;

And mourn the Gods for ever changed
And thee forsworn,

And see anon the roughening seas
With tempests torn,

Who now in bliss, believing thee
In bliss, remains—

Thinks thee all gold, thy pure heart free
From other chains.

Oh, Neptune! in thy briny halls
Beneath the sea

My votive tablet I have hung,
Great God, to thee.

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